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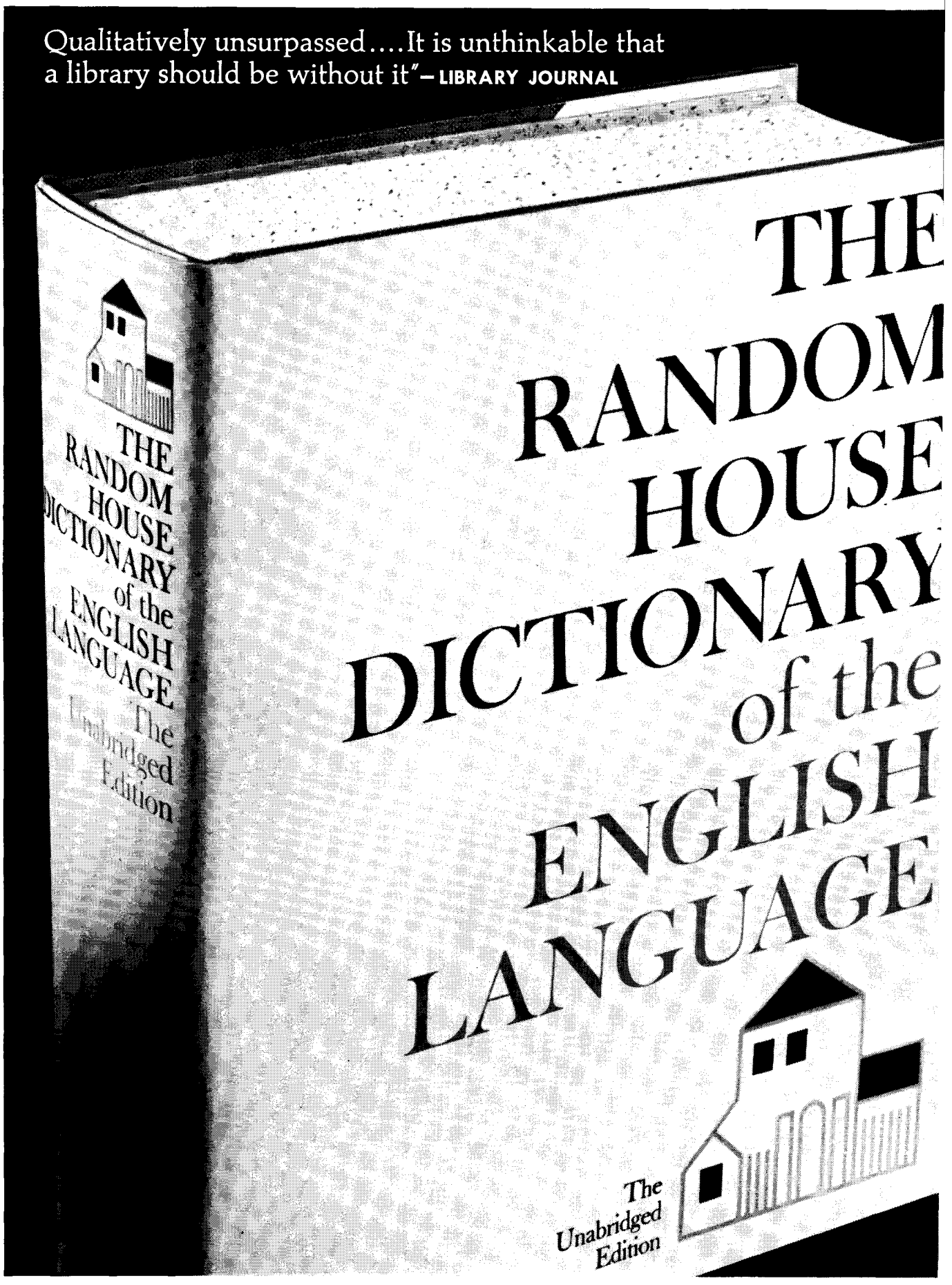
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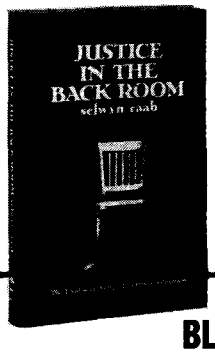

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VOLUME 37, NO. 2 **AUGUST 10, 1967**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 10

TO OUR NEGRO BROTHERS—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

The Military in Asia

RED CHINA'S DIVIDED ARMY . . . . . *Robert S. Elegant and Sidney C. Liu* 13

HOW HANOI SEES THE WAR . . . . . *Denis Warner* 17

At Home & Abroad

SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN STRATEGY FOR 1968 . . . . . *Paul Duke* 21

THE SELF-DEFEATING CIVIL WAR IN NIGERIA . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 23

AFTER THE 'AGITATORS' LEFT GREENSBORO . . . . . *James K. Batten* 31

STRANGE INTERLUDE IN ATHENS . . . . . *George Bailey* 34

Views & Reviews

FAREWELL TO THE GREAT SHIPS . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 38

STRANGE FARE (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *Helen Hudson* 41

BUT IF WE SHOULD (VERSE) . . . . . *Helen Sorrells* 43

B.

MOYNIHAN REVISITED . . . . . *William Lee Miller* 46

TO STRIVE, TO SEEK, TO FIND . . . . . *Robert Sklar* 48

ONE MAN'S 1930'S . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 51

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 49

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

After considering the looting and destruction wrought by gangs of young Negroes intoxicated by the violence they had unleashed, **Max Ascoli** finds no reason for losing confidence in the capacity of Americans as a whole, and most particularly our Negro fellow citizens, to halt the trends of hatred, no matter whether called Black Power or backlash.

From the beginning, the People's Liberation Army—the veterans of the Long March and their successors—has played a key role in the formation, consolidation, and development of Communist China. Once again, as the country reels under the impact of the struggle between Maoists and anti-Maoists, the army may turn out to be the deciding force. Like China itself, however, the military is divided into political and regional factions, with the majority striving to hold itself and the nation together in the midst of chaos but probably disposed to side with the winning ideological force rather than strike for power on its own. Such is the conclusion of **Robert S. Elegant,** Hong Kong bureau chief for the Los Angeles *Times,* who has made a special study of the Red Army in more than a decade of Far Eastern reporting, and co-author **Sidney C. Liu,** a correspondent for *Newsweek* who spent last year at Harvard working on a military history of Chinese Communism.... One of the imponderables of the war in Vietnam is Hanoi's optimistic evaluation of its chance of ultimate victory. According to **Denis Warner,** the expressed conviction of North Vietnamese leaders is probably sincere but is misguided in some of its premises.

Southern Republicans, under the leadership of Senator John Tower and State Party Chairman Peter O'Donnell of Texas, expect to play an important part in the choice of national candidates for 1968 and have already devised a strategy that seems now to work in favor of Richard M. Nixon, according to **Paul Duke** of the NBC News Washington staff. Despite the dominant conservatism of the G.O.P. in the South, the current tactics envision support of a moderate for President in order to get a conservative in the second spot. The trouble is, after the Goldwater experience, Dixie Republicans want a man who has a chance of winning. . . . The roots of the civil war in Nigeria lie in tribal and regional animosities. They have produced a succession of atrocities that have destroyed the once hopeful beginnings of federation in Black Africa's most populous country. While the current confused fighting between the federal government and the rebel Republic of Biafra may have been inevitable, it will have no real victors, **Claire Sterling** writes from Lagos. . . . What happens when outside civil-rights workers sweep into a small Southern town to excite the expectations of the local Negroes, and then leave? In some cases the aftermath is a return to the status quo and increased frustration. In Greensboro, Alabama, however, a local group has kept the movement going and consolidated some of its gains. **James K. Batten** is with the Washington bureau of the Charlotte (North Carolina) *Observer.* . . . **George Bailey** returned to Athens to see what has happened in the second stage of the coup he described in "The Puritan Revolt in Greece" in our May 18 issue. He found the junta in economic difficulties, bedeviled by foreign criticism and the case of Andreas Papandreou, but doggedly moving ahead with reforms that the political parties have been unwilling or unable to undertake.

It was announced on July 26 that the *Queen Mary* is to be sold to the city of Long Beach, California, where she will become a combination of maritime museum, hotel, restaurant, and trade-exhibit hall. The fate of her sister ship, the *Elizabeth,* remains to be decided next year. **Noel Mostert,** a free-lance author and lover of ships, writes of what these, the greatest ocean liners in history, have meant to one man—and to the world in peace and in war. . . . **Helen Hudson's** novel *Meyer, Meyer,* was published by Dutton in February. . . . **Helen Sorrells** is a former journalist who lives in Pacific Palisades, California, and whose work has been appearing in quarterlies and anthologies. . . . **William Lee Miller** is a former staff member of *The Reporter* and the author of *Piety Along the Potomac: Notes on Politics and Morals in the Fifties,* and of *The Fifteenth Ward and The Great Society* (both Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Robert Sklar** teaches in the Program in American Culture at the University of Michigan. . . . **Gerald Weales** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Our China cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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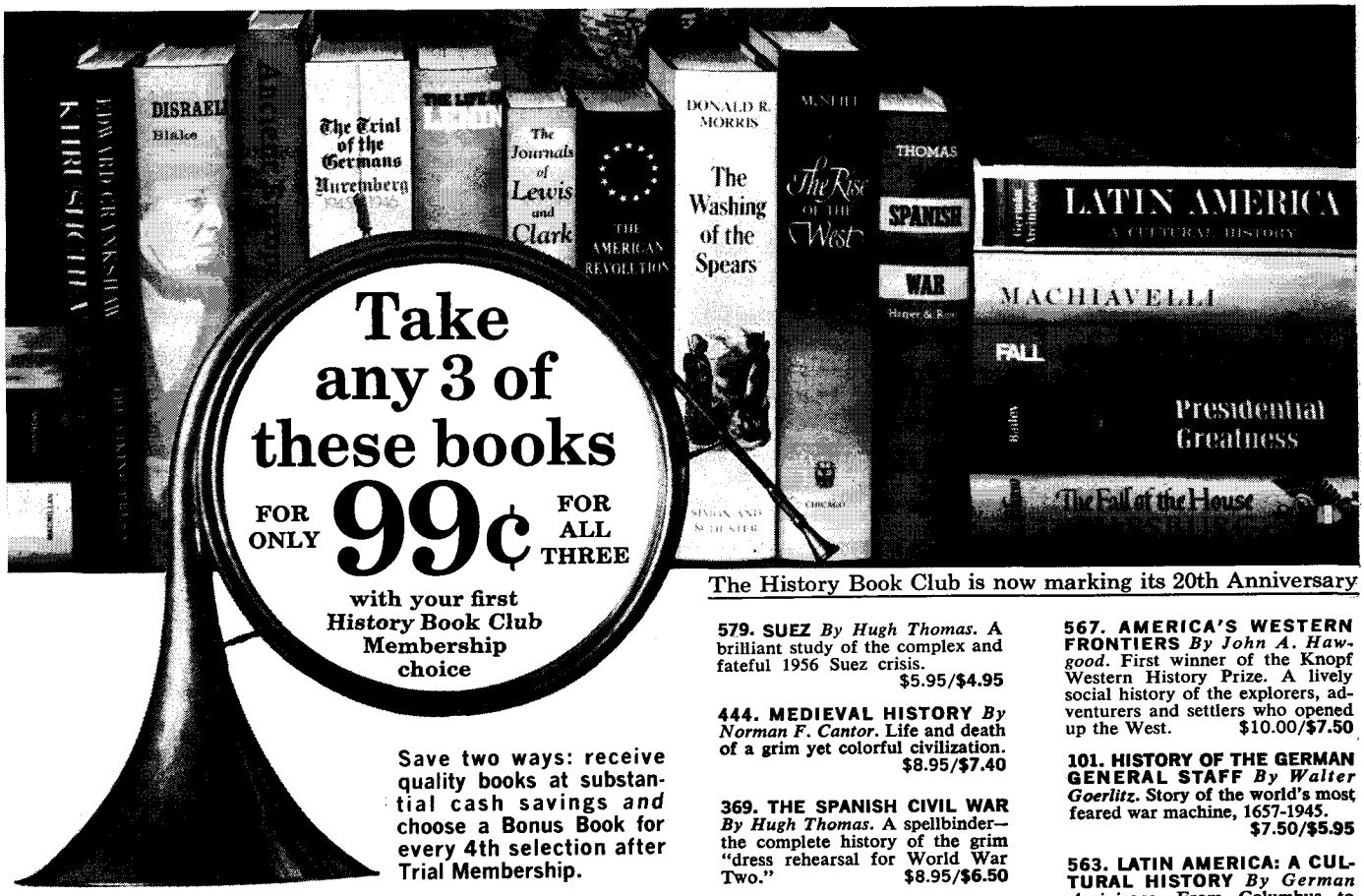

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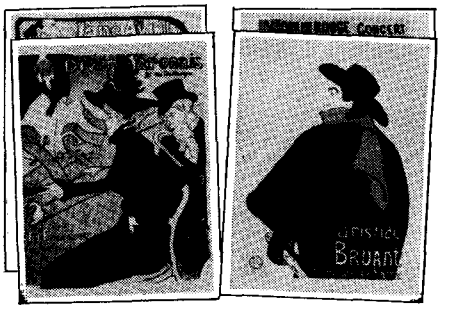

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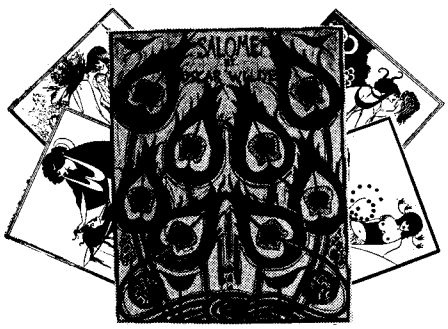

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CORRESPONDENCE

ISRAELI-ARAB CRISIS

To the Editor: The articles in your June 29 issue concerning the current Israeli-Arab crisis were among the finest and most illuminating I have seen. I was particularly impressed by the sense of history communicated by each of the authors. By placing the conflict in correct perspective, they have provided an all too rare opportunity for the public to formulate opinions based on knowledge of the full scope of affairs which led to the outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East.

Your editorial "The Unfinished War" is especially significant. It recognizes and conveys the central fact that the key to lasting peace in the Middle East is not to be won on the battlefield, but rather in the arena of political and diplomatic debate.

HERBERT A. FRIEDMAN
Executive Vice-Chairman
United Jewish Appeal
New York

BALDWIN'S MISSILE THESIS

To the Editor: Thank you and Hanson W. Baldwin ("The Great Missile Debate," *The Reporter*, June 29) for helping to bring this vital issue out into the open. A case against the development of the anti-intercontinental ballistic missile could be made in the past, as long as neither side began to carry it out. Now that the Soviet Union has done so, it is clear that we must begin. We do not need to conduct sophisticated computer games and studies to reach this conclusion. It is a matter of survival.

ERIC S. BECKJORD
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Hanson W. Baldwin's article was a very unsatisfactory description of the debate over the extent to which anti-intercontinental ballistic missiles should be produced by the United States. This is a highly technical subject, yet the article barely alluded to the technical aspects of the debate, which are probably more important than the ideological aspects which Baldwin claims to exist.

Baldwin greatly emphasized a "deliberate slowdown" sought by opponents of AICBMs to permit the Soviet Union to achieve strategic nuclear parity so that it would be easier to deal with. This theory, he wrote, is "espoused by many influential scientists and endorsed by some high officials," "has been extremely influential in Washington," and "more than any other single factor, has inhibited a decision to deploy an AICBM system." Certainly, anyone in the government involved in policy decisions on the AICBMs would not remain there very long if it became generally known that he espoused this theory. Therefore, Baldwin should have given pretty good evidence that this position is so influential. The only evidence is a paraphrase of a speech by H. M. Agnew of the Atomic Energy Commission stating that in a 1962 interview the Secretary of Defense gave an answer which "boils down" to a statement that the sooner the Soviet Union has invulnerable second-strike missiles the better.

THOMAS B. MARVELL
Washington, D.C.

HOGAN AGAIN!

To the Editor: Donald Hogan's short story "Foreign Exchange" (*The Reporter*, July 13) was an extraordinary tour de force. Its calculated brutality was stunning in impact. Judging from the two Hogan stories that you have published, here is a new writer of rare talent and sure grip of his medium. In your "Who What Why" notes you say that Hogan's first story was greeted with a flood of letters asking for more Hogan. For reasons of inertia I was not part of that flood. May I now lead the one that must surely follow "Foreign Exchange" and ask for yet more Hogan!

HAROLD SPITZER
Chicago

NEGRO COLLEGES

To the Editor: Paul Clancy's otherwise excellent article ("The Fight for Quality on Two Negro Campuses," *The Reporter*, July 13) contains two generalizations which I feel should be qualified.

Clancy notes that although the predominantly Negro colleges "help to educate thousands of Negroes every year, they also help to promote segregation, and many of them were established for that reason." This may be true of the state colleges for Negroes, but many, perhaps all, of the colleges founded by church groups after the Civil War reflected the same kind of idealism and religious fervor that had nurtured the anti-slavery movement in Northern Protestantism. Far from being founded to promote segregation, these colleges were founded as a concerned and often creative response to the acute plight of Negroes.

Also, Clancy states that the predominantly Negro colleges "have long played their part by turning out a conservative middle class of ministers and teachers who too often have been willing to accept the status quo." Even Harvard and Yale produce professionals who have a stake in the status quo! But the fact is that the Negro college (together with the Negro church) has been a major center giving impetus to the civil-rights movement. A few years ago the legislature of Mississippi threatened to revoke the charter of Tougaloo College precisely because of the threat to the status quo that emanated from the Tougaloo campus.

JAMES A. SMITH, JR.
College Chaplain and
Associate Professor of Religion
Hood College
Frederick, Maryland

To the Editor: In my opinion, Paul Clancy's article has a great deal of merit, and no doubt it will be helpful to the two institutions involved as they strive to improve their total educational program. Thank you for your interest in the future of our institution.

C. A. GIBBS, Bishop
African M.E. Church
Columbia, South Carolina

To the Editor: Paul Clancy's article is in my judgment accurate and sensitive to the issues involved in a painful and complex crisis in Negro colleges in South Carolina.

The larger picture across the deep South is the political accommodation to the civil-rights laws and to school desegregation. By and large, traditional structures of power remain unchallenged in school districts and the absence of militant Negro leadership allows perpetuation of the status quo amid massive Federal programs in educational funds.

As a perceptive reporter, Paul Clancy is rendering a service in providing perspective in the slowly changing racial climate of South Carolina.

FRED M. REESE, JR.
Greenville, South Carolina

VIETNAM

To the Editor: I have been reading each issue of *The Reporter* for the last two years, and wish to compliment you on the accuracy of your reporting, particularly on Southeast Asia. I have been very impressed with your in-depth reporting on Vietnam in particular.

DANIEL LYONS, S. J., Chairman
East Asia Research Institute
New York

'PROTOCOLS'

To the Editor: Thank you for the review by Dr. Werner Gundersheimer of *Warrant for Genocide* (*The Reporter*, June 29). I found his understanding of the "Protocols" and the historic perspective most uncommonly and painstakingly accurate.

RABBI DAVID H. WICE
Philadelphia

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this August 10 issue your next copy will be dated September 7. Our regular fortnightly schedule will then be resumed.

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Soul Brothers

With a curious mixture of apprehension and relish, public figures have taken to warning us every spring of the "long, hot summer" ahead. Variously, the platitude is invoked by the free-floating violencemongers of Black Power and their antagonists on Capitol Hill. The latter, mainly Republicans, unfailingly rise to the bait, reading interminable warnings-against-the-warnings into the record, suggesting all manner of pointless retaliatory measures, and expressing their titillated outrage. Indeed, the legislators who had such fun with the so-called "anti-rat" bill and the propounders of Negro separatism who issued their absurd proposals in Newark have a good deal in common. They have power to affect what occurs in the nation's Negro slums, but they have no responsibility—administrative or otherwise—for controlling the situations that they help to create. When the suffering and the destruction begin, the only obligation they seem to feel is to be first in saying "I told you so."

Even as other Republicans—Governors Romney of Michigan and Agnew of Maryland, and Mayor John Lindsay of New York—were struggling to control or avert looting, arson, and riot, the Republican Coordinating Committee in Washington, under the guidance of Thomas E. Dewey and with the help of Minority Leaders Dirksen and Ford, was issuing a senseless and inflammatory statement to the press. It was principally a crude political attack on the President: "How many millions of people must be made homeless—how many thousands wounded, maimed, or killed over the years before the President will support or approve legislation to restore order and protect the people of this country?" Beyond that, it addressed itself to unreal and undemonstrable horrors, even though there were plenty of real and proved ones at hand.

No provocative rumor ever spread through a riot area faster than the rumor of the existence of "factories for the manufacture of Molotov cocktails" spread through Republican ranks on Capitol Hill. "Why should we tell you these details now, when we can reveal them in more dramatic fashion a little later?" Dirksen inquired of newsmen who suggested that there was not much to the manufacture of these weapons and who wished to know just where the "factories" were.

It turned out that Governor Dewey had told Dirksen that he had read about such factories in the papers; it further turned out that the press account he had in mind referred to an abandoned building in Brooklyn where police had uncovered the makings of Molotov cocktails along with four completed products and three nearly completed ones.

Perhaps it is true that we become what we behold: surely the diffuse, scattershot reasoning of Dirksen and others constituted a kind of grim and subtle parody of the rioting process—mental riot. It is a condition marked by indiscriminate and pointless attack, and nothing embodies it more thoroughly than the anti-riot legislation now being considered in the Senate. Members of Congress who have objected to the administration's own proposed legislation to strengthen and modernize local police forces on the grounds that the bill would lead to "Federal control" of the nation's police are nonetheless ardent advocates of the anti-riot measure. It is one of those pointless legislative monstrosities which would grant the FBI powers it had not requested and would prohibit the interstate travel of persons with "intent to incite riot"—a formulation, it has been pointed out, that might or might not be stretched to cover administration spokesmen setting out to speak on behalf of Vietnam policy at a particularly hostile campus.

This flailing about for "solutions" that are made up in equal parts of vindictiveness and irrelevance is of course not unique to the Hill. One need only read the resolutions that came out of the Newark Black Power Conference to be reminded of that. The Newark conferees call for paramilitary training for all black youths and for rejection of birth-control programs, which they call efforts to exterminate the Negro race. For their part, the moralists of Capitol Hill, having hacked away mercilessly at the programs designed to alleviate the troubles of the slums and of slum dwellers, endorse legislation whose principal benefit is that it *might* make it easier to lock up a few rabble-rousers.

In many respects, the threats hurled back and forth between the black separatists and the exasperated legislators indicate that they are well if not equally matched. What makes the contest so distressing is that their common victims—the Negroes who live in the midst of all the destruction—seem to have been left out of account.

Incident in Canada

Paris

More than two years ago, during a reception at the Elysée, President de Gaulle informally briefed several of his guests on the reports he had received about the growing strength of the separatist movement in French Canada. "But General," one of his listeners observed in dismay, "that means a dramatic crisis is looming up for the whole Atlantic world." The general, it is reported, gave the faintheart one of his famous cold looks. "Don't you think freedom is worth a little drama?" he retorted.

There is little doubt that de

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Gaulle had been preparing his own contribution to the Canadian drama for a long time and that the diplomatic crisis he precipitated at Montreal was premeditated, though he may have underestimated the vigor of Ottawa's reaction.

If aging is a factor in de Gaulle's policy aberrations, as has been suggested by some, it is not because his intellectual faculties are breaking down but because as the time allotted him for achieving his aims shortens he seemingly becomes more impatient, more willing to take bold risks, more concerned with the long-range verdict of history and less concerned with the short-term consequences of his policies, whether to himself or France.

As he grows more aloof and authoritarian, his political or strategic judgment becomes increasingly vulnerable to faulty information that appears to corroborate his personal prejudices or hunches. Thus his incendiary Canadian policy might well be based on intelligence reports inadequately collated or analyzed. It has even been suggested that de Gaulle is the victim of deliberate misinformation, presumably fed into the amateurish "parallel" intelligence services that report to him through unofficial channels.

Writing of de Gaulle's Canadian performance in the influential *Dépêche du Midi* of Toulouse, Joseph Barsalou, a nationally known commentator, said: "With all his faults, de Gaulle cannot have launched himself on such an absurd adventure entirely on his own. Someone took advantage of him by presenting the situation in Canada in a false light."

So far most foreign press reaction has been unfavorable—except in Iraq and Algeria. The habitually anti-Gaullist press, especially in the northern countries, is naturally in full cry. In France itself, the tabloid *Paris Jour,* one of the few pro-Gaullist large-circulation newspapers, observed that "General de Gaulle's attitude, even for those who have supported him since 1958, becomes less and less understandable." *Le Monde,* which has often been indulgent toward the general's policy "excesses"—providing they were aimed at the United States—sadly observed: "The least that can be said is that his prestige, already quite shaky, has not been fortified."

Political reactions have so far been inconclusive. There have been demands that Parliament, or at least its Foreign Affairs Committee, be reconvened, and there is little doubt that a powerful impetus has been given to the movement for curtailing de Gaulle's quasi-dictatorial management of the nation's foreign policy. Large sections of the public that are not basically opposed to Gaullist foreign policy, and perhaps a number of Gaullists themselves, are likely to join the movement in the coming weeks. The issue can be a very dangerous one for de Gaulle when the nation's political life resumes in the fall.

—Edmond Taylor

White Paper, Black News

Melbourne

In the sixteen pages of the supplementary British White Paper on defense published on July 18, the Wilson government at one stroke placed in jeopardy everything in Southeast Asia that Britain had fought well and with such restraint to defend and secure. Rarely have friends and allies had the rug pulled out from under them so swiftly and with such double-talk. As late as April 27, Minister of Defence Denis Healey was talking of "maintaining commitments" in that part of the world. Although the White Paper says that the precise timing of the withdrawal will depend on the progress made in achieving a new basis of stability in Southeast Asia, this cannot be regarded as anything but camouflage in the light of the further statement that plans are to withdraw altogether from Singapore and Malaysia in the middle 1970's. Britain's ground forces will be gone never to return by 1970. The RAF and the Royal Navy will fly the flag for another few years, but the days when Britain could be counted to stand in the way of aggression or subversion in Southeast Asia seem to have gone forever.

At a time when Peking is threatening Hong Kong and publicly encouraging revolutions to overthrow the governments of Burma, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, and Vietnam, the consequences are liable to be heavy. Britain's departure will create a vacuum that for political and psychological reasons the United States, whether alone or with its regional friends and allies, can hardly hope to fill.

Australia's initial reaction was dismay. "These developments will bring home I hope to a great many Australians that we don't live in Lotus Land," said Prime Minister Harold Holt. Many felt that the government could not defend the weakness of its past defense efforts. There was official bitterness over the timing and substance of the White Paper and unofficial bitterness with the government for having spent the warning period in Micawber-like anticipation that Britain would respond to pressure from Canberra and Washington.

As the Australian government is now well aware, the problems are horrendous. The two cornerstones of its defense policy were ANZUS and its family relationship with Britain in Southeast Asia. The British withdrawal will kill this and much more besides. ANZAM, for instance, was not a formal treaty but an agreement under which Australia, New Zealand, and Britain maintained their forces in Malaya as a Commonwealth strategic reserve for the fulfillment of Commonwealth and international obligations. It is now a dead duck. So is SEATO.

The Singapore base by common consent is indispensable, and neither the new Thai-American base at Sattahip in Thailand nor a possible new base in Western Australia will provide anything that could remotely be regarded as a substitute. No less disturbing is the effect that the British withdrawal will have on the economy of Singapore, already plagued with dangerous overpopulation and underemployment and the uses to which this situation may be turned by the Communists, who are ever ready to exploit political opportunity. The possibility that Singapore could eventually become a colonial outpost of Peking, giving China the key to the gate between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, is once again a nightmare for its neighbors. The implications for U.S. policy and strategy in Southeast Asia are not much better.

—Denis Warner

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To Our Negro Brothers

ONE PRINCIPLE must be kept firmly in mind whenever anyone attempts a fair analysis of the horrible events of the last few weeks —the riots, the looting, the killings that have overpowered all of us with a sense of unforgettable shame. And it is not over yet. The one principle is that hatred must never be answered by hatred. Those who do so give an exact measure of themselves. The highest measure, among all the statements by national leaders, came in the declaration of Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, and A. Philip Randolph. It is good to know that the chaos unleashed by thoughtless Negro youths has found the most humane, unrhetorical appraisal by four men of their race.

There has been a flood of unbelievable pronouncements by the apostles of Black Power. The legitimate grievances that the Negro people are entitled to make are many, as Martin Luther King and his three associates state. But the Little Brothers of the Tornado are satisfied with nothing short of secession from the United States, or maybe from mankind. Concretely, they ask for little more to relieve the abject misery of far too large a number of Negroes than a guaranteed income and Negro-controlled financial institutions. They are rioting to bring about a black Apocalypse. But while waiting and celebrating their faith with the ritual advocacy and practice of burning, they demand a comfortable yearly income. What is this if not a massive return to slavery?

One thing has to be made unmistakably clear: these Black Power characters are not representative of our Negro fellow citizens. It is not even enough to say that these freakish agitators are a minority among the people of their race. In these days of aroused national passion, one feels uneasy for paying much more attention to them than individually and collectively they deserve.

UNFORTUNATELY there is also another group, unsusceptible to measurement or to percentages: the young Negroes in our cities who, knowingly or unknowingly, practice what the Black Power professionals preach. In between there are immensely variegated sectors of the American Negro society, men who work and raise families and fight for our country. They have certainly far greater and meaner handicaps to overcome than all the other racial groups that form America. Quite a number of them have made it. Now those who have succeeded and those on the way up are exposed to even greater suffering because of the misdeeds of people with whom they have nothing in common but the color of the skin.

To the white Americans who lump all Negroes together, the least that can be said is that their indiscriminate resentment makes them contemptible. When they try to take the law in their own hands they make the difficult task of our public authorities even harder; they become the white equivalent of the Black Power advocates or practitioners.

What our nation's tragedy demands of us, and particularly of those who happen to be white, is restraint and charity—charity even toward those who show little evidence of capacity for understanding and sympathy. We must give this charity to the utmost and with full awareness that the riotous or sullen groups in our midst, black and white, who have become unresponsive to spiritual values multiply our obligation to act for them and on them.

Perhaps it would be better to be a little less restrained and call these values by their proper name, which is love. Love does not mean refusal to pass judgment on those who are guilty of evildoing or to grant indiscriminate amnesty on the ground of ancestral guilt. Love means active faith in the ineradicable humaneness even of those who never knew they had it buried within themselves. Strangely enough, the clergy in our time, and most distinctly about the Negro problem, seem to have been more concerned with revindications and causes than with the quiet, unceasing, soul-stirring search for love.

AS FAR AS our Negro brothers are concerned, part but only part of the long work on their behalf can be done by public institutions. The other part, perhaps the essential one, can only be accomplished by man-to-man co-operation. There is danger of legislative inflation—too many hastily passed laws minutely dictating the behavior of Negroes and whites alike. It is only when legal or moral principles are filtered through the conscience of the individual that they acquire a truly seminal quality.

With all this chatter about Black Power and backlash still going on in this country, more preposterous than ever, it is worth stating once more that the words of greatest wisdom have come from four American Negroes. They are far from being alone among their race, and we are certainly not alone among white Americans proud to be their friends.

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Red China's Divided Army

ROBERT S. ELEGANT and SIDNEY C. LIU

HONG KONG

JUST eighteen years ago, the People's Liberation Army was completing the conquest of the world's largest nation for the new state ideology that Chairman Mao had compounded of Marxism-Leninism, traditional Chinese political thought, and his own personal visions. Avowedly based upon "the power of the gun," Mao's doctrines throughout the following decade appeared to be the first effective substitute for the state ideology of Confucianism that had shaped Chinese life for more than two millennia until it died with the nineteenth century. The People's Army had in effect seized the world's oldest civilization and was prepared to transform that civilization totally.

For the past eight months, the PLA has been playing quite a different role in the midst of a spreading anarchy that makes the chaos of the Kuomintang's last days appear an orderly retreat. It is split into at least two major factions—and probably additional smaller factions, though no one outside the headquarters of the PLA knows the exact categories. Its chief immediate assignment is no longer either internal "liberation" or external defense, but the control of civil disorder, the suppression of political riots, and the maintenance of industrial and agricultural production by the threat of its guns. In pursuit of these duties the PLA exercises physical control of most vital installations from warehouses to banks, from railroad depots to radio stations, from schools to shipyards. If the army did not occupy them, they would at once be fought over by half a dozen conflicting factions.

Admissions by Maoist publicity organs in July indicated the gap between the deceptively straightforward assignment given the PLA by political leaders who themselves exercise only titular authority and its ability—or willingness—to carry out that assignment. Certain units have supported the Maoist "mass organizations" in their campaign to "take power" from the regular structures of the Communist Party and the People's Government. Those units are, however, a minority. Another minority, still quite small as far as one can tell, has chosen to support anti-Maoist officials in their particular provinces and localities. (A dramatic case in point was the recent arrest and detention in Hupei Province of two high-ranking officials of the Mao régime by military authorities in Wuhan.) Meanwhile, the major part of the PLA has tried its best amid great difficulties to keep the normal pulse of China beating. Like any peace-keeping force, it has favored the side that gives it the least trouble, that is, the moderates.

In Sian, the capital of Shansi Province, in mid-February opposing factions of workers and students fought for possession of the loudspeaker installations dominating the city's main square. Each wanted the microphones for a mass meeting to extol its position. Since both factions claimed to be "true revolutionary rebels," i.e., loyal Mao supporters, the army merely stood by. But when the mob clashes swelled into a struggle to occupy the offices of the provincial newspaper, the army did step in to prevent either side from winning. Neither faction could claim a victory, but the more militant faction was, without question, frustrated by the army's intervention.

The same pattern had already displayed itself in Shanghai, China's greatest city, when extremists laid siege to the *Liberation Daily*, the organ of the Municipal Committee of the Communist Party. As attackers hammered on the doors with makeshift battering rams, soldiers cautioned them through military loudspeakers. When the attackers refused to give way, army units occupied the building. Again, the ultra-militants were checkmated.

Divisions Within the Divisions

Bewildered as it is by the absence of clear directives and firm controls, the Liberation Army has not been notably successful so far in suppressing the internal strife that dominates the life of China today. But even so, the army is emerging as the only relatively stable institution in the nation.

Increasingly, the military have become the chief instrument of both conciliation and indoctrination. Patient officers not only attend mass political meetings but sit down with small groups of students, workers, and farmers to instruct them in the canonical Thought of Mao Tse-tung and urge moderation upon them. Army dramatic troupes tour the countryside, planting the "red banner of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung." Lin Piao himself, vice chairman of the Communist Party and Defense Minister, who is Mao's "deputy great commander" and heir presumptive, indicated both the scope of the army's reluctant involvement in the turmoil and his own appraisal of its gravity when he told senior commanders: "Many men and women have committed suicide, and many others have been murdered. Production has fallen... but our losses

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are not as great as they were during the war against the Japanese or the civil war against the Kuomintang!" In the same speech, reportedly delivered at the beginning of April, Lin instructed all units: "You must take no action without clearing it with higher authority. But you must pay *no* attention to the provincial committees of the party. They are all rotten!"

The PLA is not strengthened in its endeavors to keep the peace by the fact that a major source of the controversy which has splintered the Chinese nation is military doctrine and the future of the army. Two fundamental questions are at issue: Is the Liberation Army, springing from the old guerrilla forces of Mao Tse-tung, to become a modern technological force, or is it to depend primarily upon what Lin Piao calls "our spiritual atomic bomb, the great numbers of the courageous Chinese people"? Is Peking justified in risking confrontation with the United States and the Soviet Union when the army is incapable of turning back an attack by either great power?

The anti-Maoists argue that an adventurous foreign policy cannot be justified until the Liberation Army has acquired possession and mastery of modern arms. The Maoists contend that the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, "the greatest military thinker of modern times," makes present guerrilla doctrine invincible and guarantees the victory of a "forward" foreign policy. They further insist that "politics must command," which means promoting officers and men for ideological fervor rather than professional competence and the use of troops in a variety of nonmilitary activities ranging from farming to building dams. Lo Jui-ching, PLA's chief of staff from 1959 to 1966, espoused the first position. He was purged by the Maoists. Lin Piao, Minister of Defense since 1959, is a wholehearted public advocate of the second position. Their divergent views—and disparate fates—arise from the essential character of the People's Liberation Army.

The PLA is today a force of somewhat more than 2.3 million men: infantry 1.3 million; navy, 135,000; air force, 100,000. The ground forces, ninety per cent infantry and largely post-Korean War in weapons and training, also include the substantial logistical apparatus called the Rear Area Command. The navy is most powerful in submarines, commanding thirty, and in a variegated fleet of minesweepers, torpedo boats, gunboats, and other craft to the number of about 750. The Chinese People's Air Force was once ranked fourth in the world in size and presumably in capability until it was deprived of replacement aircraft, spare parts, fuel, and new technological devices as a result of the Sino-Soviet quarrel in 1960. It is still sizable with its 2,500 aircraft, most of them MIG fighter-bombers, but it could not meet the first-rank air forces of the world. Despite its numbers, and even despite the rapid development of the Chinese atom bomb, the PLA is not a modern, first-rank force.

IN THE TASK of maintaining a degree of order within China, the army is, in theory, assisted by Public Security Forces numbering several hundred thousand and the People's Militia with a numerical strength of about ten million. But neither the Security Police nor the Militia is a reliable reserve in the current internal conflict. Both are even more closely bound by local loyalties than is the regular army, and both have tended to support anti-Maoist local party leaders. The burden, therefore, falls directly upon regular units stationed in China's thirteen Military Regions. But even if the army were twice its present size, it would still be inadequate for virtual occupation of a country that counts 2,200 counties, each with a county seat ranging up to half a million in population.

The inherent character of the PLA poses further handicaps for the job in hand. Although the regular army has been a more or less autonomous state within a state since the establishment of the People's Republic in 1949, it is still divided by the regional and clique loyalties of its commanders and soldiers. At that time China was divided into six Military and Administrative Regions which for the most part were under the command of four great field armies. Each field army was ruled by a senior general. Divisive tendencies were still strong and growing stronger. The party first attempted to solve the problem by abolishing the Military and Administrative Regions in 1954 and by making the ten senior revolutionary generals ornamental field marshals in 1955. But local loyalties persisted even after the reorganization. It was not merely a matter of troops owing primary loyalty to their regimental, divisional, and army commanders, who saw to it that they were fed and armed and also represented their interests and their ambitions before the remote tribunal called the Party Center. It was rather a question of Chinese society itself, which remains even today a loosely articulated organism occupying a vast country with poor communications and depending much more upon personal relationships—loyalties, obligations, and antagonisms—for its cohesiveness than upon fixed institutions.

A primary concern of the Party Center has, accordingly, been the attempt to foster national loyalties among the masses of China. The teaching of *kuo-yü*, the "national language," the dissemination of the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung, and even the circulation of standard cookbooks have all had the same purpose—the creation of uniform, nationwide habits of speech, thought, and customs.

Until the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began in 1966, the Party Center was not foolhardy enough to try to uproot all regional characteristics and loyalties all at once. From 1959 to 1966, however, Lin Piao attempted precisely that feat with the PLA. His text was the Thought of Mao Tse-tung; his practical means was massive reassignment of officers and, in 1965, the abolition of formal ranks to discourage "professionalism." He was, perhaps, moderately successful in no more than forty per cent of major units. For the rest, it was again the army's deeply rooted tradition of autonomy that defeated him.

Old Habits and Vain Endeavors

From the begining of its formal existence in the guerrilla capital of Yenan in the distant northwest in the mid-1930's, army headquarters has been a rigidly restricted area, inaccessible even to high-ranking government officials unless they held

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special permits. The army has possessed its own intelligence network, its own factories, and its own channels of communication which even the party's omnipresent security apparatus could not often penetrate.

The army's Political Security Bureau, which is responsible for the safety of senior leaders, has always been the most powerful security and intelligence organization in China. Its Leaders' Safety Office even maintains its own farms to grow tobacco and food—and separate factories to process both—all to guard its charges against poisoning. The army maintains its own newspapers, radio networks, and theatrical troupes under its own Propaganda Department. Just as the military Railroad Corps is out of bounds to the Ministry of Railways, the army as a whole is beyond the control of what remains of the People's Government.

Under Lin Piao, however, the PLA was encouraged to become more directly involved in national activities. From the time he assumed control in 1959 until the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution threw everything into disorder in 1966, the army methodically thrust its tentacles into every corner of civilian life. Retired military men took on diverse roles, including the presidencies of universities, government posts, editorships, and even film stardom. Major ministries were filled by generals, and sergeants became leaders of production brigades on rural People's Communes or foremen in civilian factories managed by captains and majors.

In the early stages of the Cultural Revolution, the military's organ, the *Liberation Army Daily*, became the intellectual and doctrinal bellwether of the country, and Lin Piao himself was hailed as "the closest comrade-in-arms of Chairman Mao, the deputy supreme commander of the nation, Mao Tse-tung's best disciple, who has creatively interpreted and applied the Thought of Mao Tse-tung."

In theory, Lin Piao held a nearly unassailable position atop the military structure when he began the Cultural Revolution. In his position as de facto head of the Communist Party's Military Affairs Committee, he was nominally in a position to control all units absolutely. In addition to having at his command the army's channels of communication and the secret dossiers whose reading and disposition can literally mean life or death in a totalitarian society, he had been assiduous in replacing men who were not completely loyal to him with his own adherents. For instance, the post of Director of the General Political Department of the PLA was given to his faithful follower Hsiao Hua, who was in terms of military rank much too junior for the job. Similarly a former orderly of Mao's became a division commander. But not all Lin Piao's shuffling of senior commanders could break the fundamental matrix of the PLA. Regional predilections and personal loyalties have demonstrably proved to be stronger than the cult of Mao

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Tse-tung or the fear of Lin Piao.

A rough measure of the degree of Lin Piao's failure can be drawn from an analysis of the situation in those areas formerly controlled by the four great field armies and still occupied for the most part by the same troops.

Lin Piao himself commanded the Fourth Field Army, whose strength, for complex historical reasons, lay in Manchuria in the north and in the slice of provinces from Hunan south to Kwangtung known as the South China Area. Most of the troops in those areas are, quite naturally, still loyal to Lin. But the situation is far from satisfactory in Maoist eyes. Heilungkiang in Manchuria, one of the four provinces that Peking claims to rule, is shaken by violent fighting between Maoists and anti-Maoists. In Canton, the metropolis of the south, there is in reality no functioning government, but only a tenuous military administration that can at best keep disorder within certain bounds. Still, the former area of the Fourth Field Army as a whole is the best of a bad lot for the Maoists.

In the East China Region, area of the former Third Field Army commanded by Field Marshal Chen Yi, now Foreign Minister, the situation is slightly worse for the Maoists. Chen Yi has managed to survive in office despite a fusillade of verbal attacks by the Red Guards. His former soldiers, as one authority put it, "take a non-positive attitude, maintaining a degree of order without helping the Maoists very much." The three senior commanders of the area's troops include two old followers of Chen Yi and one devoted Lin Piao man who has the misfortune to command two army corps made up of Chen Yi's old troops.

The Second Field Army Area has become in effect an anti-Maoist redoubt in the Southwest China Region, despite Lin's attempts to regain influence by shuffling commanders. The agricultural abundance of Szechwan Province and the mineral resources of its neighboring provinces are virtually denied to the Maoists, as is almost all administrative authority. In an attempt to appease the recalcitrant troops and civilians, Chang Kuo-hua, who had himself defied the Maoists as commander of the Tibet military region, was transferred to Chengtu, the capital of the southwest, as First Political Commissar. His attempts at conciliation have been as little effective as was the attempt at open suppression made by the area's military commander, Huang Hsing-ting, a dedicated follower of Lin Piao who, it is said, would willingly sacrifice an entire army of thirty thousand men to satisfy his mentor's slightest wish. Widespread violence in the entire area and its continuing defiance of the Maoists have demonstrated his inability to bring either troops or civilians under control.

The First Field Army in the Northwest China Region was formerly commanded by Field Marshal Peng Teh-huai, who was simultaneously deposed as Defense Minister and the nation's foremost soldier when Lin Piao took over in 1959. His fall from grace was caused by

his uncompromising advocacy of professional military standards, the alliance with the Soviet Union abroad, and more pragmatic policies at home. Much of the area which lay under that army is now commanded from Lanchou in Kansu Province, by an obscure general who has proved unable or unwilling to bring the barren northwest, with its nuclear and rocketry installations, under the Maoists' control.

The Alternatives

As the Peking régime becomes ever more isolated and civil strife increases, the army's role in Chinese society becomes critical. It would be misleading to suggest that the military are moving toward complete control of the state and civilian institutions in the manner of Burma, Indonesia, or Egypt. But if they are to salvage anything of the past accomplishments of the People's Republic, they may have to choose between at least two difficult and perilous courses of action.

An acceleration of present tendencies, if sufficiently prolonged, could well see China splintered into regional groupings roughly corresponding to the viceroyalties, each composed of four or five provinces, which enjoyed a large measure of autonomy during the last decades of the Manchu Dynasty. Still acknowledging the titular suzerainty of Peking and the pre-eminence of Mao Tse-tung, each Red viceroy might then, in practice, go his own way in internal matters, and to a certain extent even in dealing with the foreign nations on which his feif abutted. The PLA has already demonstrated that it is capable of moving a good distance toward such a loose federation, with each general supporting his local political ruler—or becoming that ruler. Even so, the PLA would not be apt to lose its national character. Rather it would become a wide-meshed net cast around the fragments of a China that would otherwise drift apart.

A more dramatic but less likely possibility exists. Each passing day makes it ever more apparent that the greatest obstacle to peace and unity in China is the obsessed figure of Mao Tse-tung, with his uncompromising visions and his ambitious hatchet man, Lin Piao. A group of generals, many of whom are essentially patriotic nationalists, like the German officers who finally moved against Hitler in July, 1944, might one day move against the Mao-Lin clique. Perhaps gathered around the figure of old Marshal Chu Teh, they might create a new national régime in co-operation with the ever flexible Premier Chou En-lai and the more practical party leaders whom the Maoists have been unable to get rid of.

The generals certainly have the power to depose Mao, but it is doubtful that they have the will. Besides, the sheer magnitude and variety of China make the re-creation of a unitary régime an immense task. Yet whether they seek the dramatic solution or, as is more likely, move with the tides, the army will continue to play just as vital a role in the future of the People's Republic as it did in bringing that republic into being.

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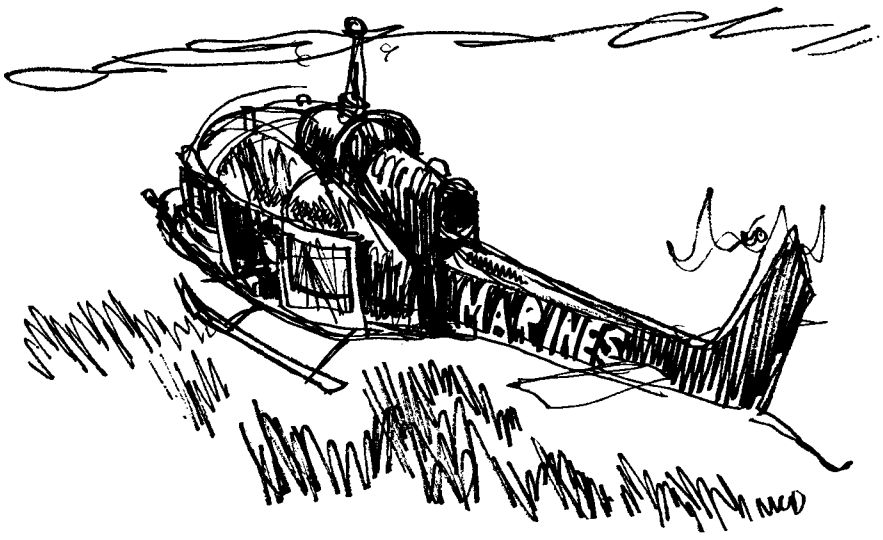

How Hanoi Sees the War

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

IN AN INTERVIEW with Kyozo Mori, chief editor of the Tokyo *Asahi Evening News* in Hanoi on April 24, Premier Pham Van Dong expressed the strong conviction that North Vietnam would win the war because the United States had failed to achieve its two main objectives: to destroy the National Liberation Front and to expand the pacified areas in South Vietnam. It would have been defeatist, even treasonable, for Dong to have conceded otherwise. Yet the evidence is increasing that most North Vietnamese leaders really do believe they can beat the United States, the greatest military power the world has ever known.

There are still differences, of course, between what Hanoi releases for domestic and international consumption and what it admits to itself in secret documents that have fallen into U.S. hands. But in essence these concern the tactics and not the achievement of the ultimate goal. Whether the policy is to achieve an outright military victory (the public line) or eventually to use negotiations as a means of pressing the military offensive (one of its secretly discussed plans), Hanoi is going for broke.

While admitting the superiority of the allied forces in numbers, firepower, and equipment, Hanoi believes nevertheless that it possesses some distinct military advantages. Many of these were set out in *Nhan Dan,* Hanoi's leading newspaper, in an article published in August, 1966. Among them were: better and more experienced leadership and training for this type of war; the advantages of fighting on one's own terrain among one's own people; mobility; morale; the too rapid rotation of U.S. forces and their lack of familiarity with local and tropical conditions; political and other problems encountered by the Americans in pouring large numbers of troops into Vietnam; the strain on the U.S. economy of supplying forces fighting thousands of miles from the home base; the unreliability of the South Vietnam Army; and the excessive proportion of rear-line U.S. troops. There is some validity in most of these points, but collectively they hardly justify the apparent optimism with which North Vietnam views the outcome of the war. This is an attempt, therefore, to look more closely into Hanoi's motivations and intentions, its hopes and expectations.

Action in the Rear

As Hanoi evaluates the current situation, the war has reached the stage of development (though not necessarily the climactic phase) that marked the beginning of the main Vietminh offensive in the Indo-China war, that is, the period immediately preceding the battle for Dien Bien Phu, when General Vo Nguyen Giap, then the Vietminh commander in chief and now Defense Minister, launched a series of combined mobile-guerrilla operations that consumed the French reserves and destroyed all hopes for the Navarre Plan, which envisaged broad clear-and-hold operations.

This was a time when the importance of the Vietminh's political work in the rear areas showed to maximum effect. "The rear sent its men and wealth to the front," Giap wrote of the period, "in order to annihilate the enemy, and, together with the army, to liberate the country." Giap listed as the principal lesson of the campaign, indeed of the entire war, that "A strong rear is always the decisive factor for victory in a revolutionary war." And it was precisely for this purpose, as he explains in his 1961 book, *People's War, People's Army,* that the Hanoi régime set out after 1954 "to make of the North a firm base of action for the reunification of the country."

Those who stayed behind in Hanoi after the French left in October, 1954, learned quickly, and often painfully, what life was to be like. Three days after the French marched out, a Vietminh military court found a youth guilty of a "serious" but undisclosed offense. He was shot dead in the street, his body serving for the next twenty-four hours as a salutary example to those who might have defied the new régime. Other and more appalling atrocities have long since become a matter of record.

Government servants of doubtful loyalty who remained behind found absolution by volunteering for work on the railway that within months was to link Hanoi with China. Others were sent off to political schools for three-month courses at which a passing grade in the new

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theories was the prerequisite for re-employment. Offices, even the post office, closed without warning for the daily indoctrination of the staff.

The United States was an early target of wrath. "Think of each rock you crush as an American head" was a slogan posted at a work project outside Hanoi. A large billboard at the far end of the Little Lake in the center of the city showed Uncle Sam falling off the edge of the world with an A-bomb clutched in his hand.

So the thought-remolding processes began, and so have they continued. Political indoctrination begins in the first grade, where the six-year-olds are taught slogans and political terms arranged under popular rhymes. The highest honor is to be made one of Uncle Ho's nephews and nieces. According to Premier Dong, half a million children have been awarded the title and are granted special responsibilities that include "looking after smaller children, pasturing oxen, keeping watch over spies, preventing leakage of secrets, watching strangers coming into the village."

From the second grade onward, political training becomes more systematic and is directed toward developing a high degree of political consciousness. People everywhere are organized into cells and groups that meet to review the activities of their members. At Hanoi Teachers' College, for example, cells meet every night after work for fifteen minutes. No student can hope to escape these exercises in self-criticism.

Accounts by prisoners and defectors over the last year and the occasional letters that come, usually by way of Paris, to relatives in the South make it clear that the war, and especially the bombing, has intensified the degree of control and the misery of life, and is causing palpable war-weariness. People are now fully dependent on government-issued rations that can be drawn only within the hamlet of registration, or by special authority elsewhere. Travel controls are so strict that no one may travel from hamlet to hamlet without village permission, or from village to village without district approval. Except for basic food rations and the annual issue of three to four meters of cloth

and other bare essentials, for which the prices are controlled, the cost of all near-essentials has skyrocketed; luxuries are unobtainable. Religious beliefs are dying out, not so much because of oppression as because of the régime's obstructive tactics. Theological seminaries have closed down in one predominantly Catholic region because they can get no rice coupons or supplies. Catholics in the government and in the army are promoted slowly, "a discrimination," according to one defector, "which nobody can prove but everybody can feel."

Under all these circumstances, one might expect widespread opposition to the Ho Chi Minh régime. Many do hold it in fear. Asked, for instance, whether he had ever complained about the severity of the controls and the rigidity of the indoctrination, one defector replied: "Never in a million years would I have complained, or even discussed these things." There are many complaints, however, in the privacy and security of a prisoner-of-war camp about the corruption and maladministration of local party cadres in the North. Nevertheless, the bulk of the northern population apparently makes the clearest of distinctions between dishonest local officials and the party elite. However much North Vietnam may resemble Orwell's *1984*, it is obvious that Hanoi's indoctrination and its efforts to create a psychologically strong rear have been largely successful.

A southern-born northern company commander in the 324B Division, who not only defected but divulged the position of the division and its plans, an act that led to its crushing defeat by a U.S.-South Vietnamese operation and a reward of twenty thousand piastres to him, reported that Hanoi has had great success with its intense "hate America" campaign. The people's hatred of the Americans seemed to increase, he said, proportionately with the intensification of U.S. air attacks.

Another northern defector said he did not know how long the war would last but believed the United States would tire of it first. "The people believe that it is a sacred duty to help the South fight the American aggressor," he said. Almost all northerners believe that there is more social justice in the North than in the South, he added.

The regular North Vietnamese troops fighting immediately south of the Demilitarized Zone are well trained, high in morale, and increasingly well equipped. They go into action knowing that they have full suport in their rear, and they have shown over many months a willingness to accept extremely high casualties. "On some operations they are prepared to accept a casualty rate of anything from twenty-five to forty per cent," an American specialist told me. "We've even got accounts of troops digging their own graves before going into action."

The northern defection rate is still far below that of the indigenous Vietcong even though northern forces are more numerous in the South than ever. In 1966, Vietcong defections totaled more than twenty thousand, almost double the 1965 figure, and weekly defections of more than a thousand are common now; there seems little doubt that the 1967 U.S. target of forty-five thousand will be exceeded. Among the northern troops, however, the feeling against defection is so strong that one of the few defectors pleaded to be sent to a prisoner-of-war camp rather than to a Chieu Hoi center. There are several reasons for the difference in attitude. The pressures

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of war have forced the Vietcong into press-gang recruiting methods; many of the recruits never become dedicated Vietcong supporters and seize the first opportunity to escape. The northerners are much more heavily indoctrinated and, fighting away from home, have fewer inducements to defect. They also are afraid of what might happen to them and their families in the North if they defect.

Hanoi's Victory Strategy

The assertion that the war was a spontaneous uprising entirely divorced from Hanoi has always been an expression of western naïveté. For the past two years Hanoi has been talking quite openly about the "military solidarity" between the North and the South and taking positive steps for its further achievement. Le Duan, the first party secretary, is in charge of southern affairs on the Politburo of the Lao Dong (Communist) Party. Giap, as Defense Minister, has overriding military control. Until his death from a heart attack in Hanoi last month, General Nguyen Chi Thanh, junior only to Giap in the North Vietnamese military hierarchy and eighth-ranking member of the Politburo, commanded the field forces in the South, with headquarters in Tay Ninh Province, near Saigon. Lt. General Tran Van Tra, the Vietcong commander and formerly Thanh's deputy, is an alternate member of the central committee of the party in Hanoi, as is Major General Tran Do, the deputy commander of the Vietcong.

From February to May this year, the war passed through a critical phase. General Westmoreland had seized the initiative in III Corps with the multidivisional Operation Junction City, which hit the Vietcong harder than they had ever been hit before and destroyed the threat to Saigon. If Westmoreland had been able to maintain this momentum and main-force enemy units had been destroyed throughout the country, the Americans, as General Thanh conceded, "strategically speaking would have won victory."

Instead of either melting away into the sanctuaries or risking annihilation in set-piece actions of Westmoreland's choice, Giap reacted very much as he had during the closing stages of the Indo-China war, when General Henri Navarre attempted to seize the initiative by digging in at Dien Bien Phu and embarking on a clearing operation along the coast of central Vietnam. This time Giap struck across the Demilitarized Zone with a three-division diversionary action that brought a quick redeployment of American and Vietnamese units northward to cover what appeared to be a major threat to Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces abutting the DMZ. His counteroffensive put an abrupt end to multidivisional allied offensive operations farther south and to the speculation that the Communists would abandon mobile warfare and revert to small-scale guerrilla actions.

Giap's strategy has never been in doubt. He has always regarded the Vietnam war, as he regarded the Indo-China war, as essentially a struggle to be won by the destruction of enemy manpower. It was necessary, he believed, to accumulate thousands of small victories to turn them into a great success, thus gradually altering the balance of forces and transforming his own weakness into power. To do this, guerrilla warfare had to move gradually into mobile warfare. If it did not, the strategic task of annihilating enemy manpower could not be carried out and guerrilla activities could not be maintained and extended.

In a series of statements and military estimates late last year and early this year, Giap made it clear that his conviction was unaltered by the overwhelming American superiority in air power and artillery. He continued to place strong emphasis on the importance of mobile war and its co-ordination with guerrilla warfare. "If the numbers of divisions, aircraft, tanks, and other war machines alone are taken into consideration, the Americans should have defeated us long ago," he wrote in the *Vietnam Courier* last December. "Why have they failed to do so? Simply because the American military machine, however powerful it may be, nonetheless contains weaknesses, whereas the fighting people of Vietnam possess real and effective factors of strength. We are perfectly capable of winning."

THE FORMULA by which Giap hopes to achieve the conditions necessary for victory was spelled out by General Thanh, writing under his pseudonym of Truong Son, in the May issue of the *People's Army Review*. No brief digest can do justice to this professional analysis, which deserves the widest audience, not because what Thanh said is necessarily correct (much of it is not) but because it casts the shadow of coming events and indicates better than anything else available the sort of war Hanoi now expects to fight.

The Americans, Thanh wrote, had been obliged to split and scatter their forces and to fight in areas where there was no clear-cut line and no targets. Unable to organize battles that would bring their full combat efficiency into operation and produce results of strategic effect, they had achieved only a low combat efficiency in terms of capability. They had not been able to gain control of the battlefield, or to shield the South Vietnamese in defense of the pacification program. Nor had they been able to prevent North Vietnam from helping the Vietcong. "The

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latter," he added, "is especially significant." Making highly debatable use of what he described as official American figures, Thanh claimed that the casualty rate among United States troops rose from seven per cent in 1965 to eleven per cent in 1966 to fourteen per cent in 1967, with the result that the scattered American mobile force was no longer in proportion to total U.S. strength.

On the other hand, Thanh believed that his own regular forces were capable of fighting in all tactical forms and with all combat methods on all scales and terrains. "If there were no big battles, even the guerrilla war would dwindle and there could be no victory," he wrote. His plans did not call for exclusive reliance on conventional or mobile war, however, but for the maintenance of an offensive position by simultaneous attacks on many battlefields, using not only main-force units, regional units, and guerrillas but also political forces. "It is convincingly demonstrated," he wrote, "that attacks on the enemy must be mounted simultaneously in three zones (the jungle, the rural, and the urban areas) in both the political and military fields" in order "constantly to hold the initiative on each battlefield in close co-ordination with all others." By this tactic of hitting the Americans in many places while keeping sufficient forces in reserve to mass heavy fighting power in key areas, concentrating and dispersing quickly, fighting small battles and big battles or combining the two, and avoiding at all costs the normal set-piece action, he believed that victory could be denied to the United States, however large the force it committed. He then added perhaps the most significant line of all: "It is not yet known how much longer the U.S. expeditionary force will remain in South Vietnam."

Illusion and Reality

Hanoi is confident that the United States will not continue to accept the casualties that Thanh's co-ordinated offensive has begun to produce. It also believes that internationally all the factors are in its favor. It sees the United States isolated from its old allies and subject to increasing pressure from the domestic anti-war movement, which Hanoi feels is developing rapidly and in desperate forms, such as self-immolation and the burning of draft cards. However unwittingly, Washington's doves reinforce Hanoi's hawks in their confidence in ultimate victory and confirm them in their determination to continue the war. While these beliefs persist and until there are demonstrable allied successes on the main war and pacification fronts, it would be imprudent to expect any marked changes in the thinking of North Vietnam's leaders. The conviction that their war effort has many factors in its favor will die hard.

Some of these, such as Hanoi's grossly exaggerated claims of American casualties, are illusory. In part, these claims are made for psychological purposes on the home front. But part of the exaggeration is due to the techniques used in the field. Allied forces rely on body counts of the dead. Because of the frequent need to beat a quick retreat with their main forces, the Communists try to make a body count of the live who are ultimately seen by forward observers to leave the field of battle. By deducting this number from the estimated troop strength of the allied units involved, they arrive at the casualty figure. The result is wild inaccuracy, which nevertheless, as captured documents show, is often accepted by Hanoi as fact. But self-deception is an unpardonable military error and the moment of truth will be bitter.

In other fields, however, the basis of Hanoi's optimism merits close attention. Just as Sukarno regarded West Irian as Indonesian territory simply because it was part of the Netherlands East Indies, so Ho Chi Minh's regional thinking has always embraced all the former French Indo-China territories. The Indo-China Communist Party, which he founded, and the Lao Dong Party, which is its lineal successor, embraced not only all of Vietnam but also the Associated States of French Indo-China, including Laos and Cambodia. Thus Hanoi has had a sense not of trespass but of right in the development of sanctuaries in the eastern parts of Laos and Cambodia and the construction of roads and supply dumps that now permit the regular northern forces to pose a military threat anywhere along the western flank of South Vietnam.

Nor is there any lack of main-force units to perform this task. Hanoi's habit of changing unit designations when they are sent south complicates the assessment of its trained military reserves. A specialist assessment, however, is that it still has enough main-force regiments, excluding those now committed in the South or in jumping-off positions in Laos and Cambodia, to put together another fifteen divisions of regular troops. As a further reserve, there is a militia of 1.5 million in various stages of training. Whatever the casualty rate among the regulars in the South, the North's capacity to keep filling the gaps is therefore considerable. The quality and the weight of northern firepower, thanks primarily to Soviet assistance, are also improving all the time.

NEVERTHELESS, if it is necessary to guard against American complacency, there is an equivalent need to avoid exaggerating the Communist capabilities. The combined northern and Vietcong operations can gain local successes and hinder and perhaps in some areas halt the pacification program. But to win in a purely military way, they would have to fight the conventional set-piece actions which they are determined to avoid and which they know would lead to their destruction.

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Southern Republican Strategy for 1968

PAUL DUKE

It was hardly by chance that two Southern Republicans were among a select group invited to the little G.O.P. summit conference of Governor Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon in California on July 22. The inclusion of Senator John G. Tower of Texas and Governor Claude Kirk, Jr., of Florida was added testimony to the growing power of the South in Republican councils. More significantly, both Tower and Kirk are advancing themselves as Vice Presidential possibilities for the 1968 ticket—an ambition that would have been ludicrous ten years ago.

The principal reason for the South's influence is the strength it will have at next summer's convention. The 310 delegates from the eleven states of the Confederacy will make up nearly a fourth of the 1,333 total. With the Midwestern states' 352 delegates and the Mountain and Western states' 262, it can be deduced that a Southern-led conservative coalition is just as possible next year as it was in 1964.

There is, however, a distinct difference in Southern preparations for 1968 from the pre-convention planning that led to Barry Goldwater's nomination. Whereas Southern Republicans eagerly climbed aboard the Goldwater steamroller long before anyone else, a surprising number of the area's leaders are now taking a noncommittal stand on next year's selection. While Nixon is clearly the favorite of most Southern Republicans, much of his support appears tenuous and it is highly unlikely that he can lock in Dixie delegations as Goldwater did.

"The 1964 disaster taught the South the much-needed lesson that it is bad politics to get yourself out on a limb for a man who can't win," reasoned one official who was instrumental in the Goldwater drive. "That's why most Southerners want to hang loose this time and look the field over before leaping."

What is emerging is a new Southern strategy of deliberate detachment. In one sense this policy is no different from that of Republicans elsewhere who are pursuing a watch-and-wait course of flexibility. Buoyed by the party's comeback victories in the 1966 elections, moderates and conservatives alike are convinced the G.O.P. can make further gains in Congressional contests in 1968—perhaps even win the Presidency. Hence, party leaders of all shades of opinion are approaching next year's nominating convention with caution. In the South, there is the extra incentive of overcoming the ignominy of having saddled the party with a loser in 1964. "Most Southerners are talking a lot less about conservatism these days than they are about finding a winner," a Virginia Republican told me. "There's a recognition that a sectional candidate can't win. You've got to have the strongest man—and not just in the South."

The potential third-party candidacy of George Wallace has also affected Southern calculations. For one thing, it has undermined the more zealous and unbending conservatives in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. These states were carried by Goldwater and they are the ones most likely to be captured by Wallace. Republican leaders also concede that Wallace may be able to take away enough potential G.O.P. votes in the remaining six Southern states to enable President Johnson to carry them for a second time. As a consequence, the Southerners are having to face up to the realization that they will be helping to nominate a candidate who may not carry a single Southern state.

The Lesson of Goldwater

There is, however, a more compelling practical motivation for the South's change in tactics. Although Goldwater cracked the Democratic dominance in the Deep South and helped the G.O.P. elect five Congressmen in Alabama, one in Georgia, and one in Mississippi, it has been largely overlooked that his campaign left the party in a shambles nearly everywhere else in the area.

Not only did Goldwater run far below expectations in the middle and upper South, he also pulled down a number of Republican officeholders. In Texas, for example, two G.O.P. Congressmen, both Goldwater enthusiasts, were beaten. Even the traditional Republican vote fell off in many places; in the Appalachian strongholds of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, the Republican vote dropped by ten per cent.

In short, the Goldwater candidacy shattered a decade of slow but steady Republican growth in the Southern states outside the Deep South. Moreover, the victories in the Deep South were achieved primarily by blatant appeals to segregationist diehards and abandonment of a Negro vote that in some places—Atlanta, for example—had been an impressive part of Republican support in the past. "What a lot of people don't

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realize is that Goldwater caused the same kind of damage to the party structure in the South as elsewhere," observed one non-Goldwaterite leader. "Where he didn't destroy it he made it over into a racist party."

The false foundation of the Goldwater movement was further illustrated by the party's remarkable comeback in last November's elections. While losing its Mississippi Representative and two in Alabama, it scored gains everywhere else in the South but Louisiana to raise its House contingent from seventeen to twenty-three—or about one-fifth of the total Southern representation. Moreover, with revitalized organizations the party made inroads in statewide contests. There were the gubernatorial victories of Kirk in Florida and Winthrop Rockefeller in Arkansas, plus the Senate triumphs of Howard Baker in Tennessee and the easy second-term victory of Tower. Republican membership in state legislatures jumped, too, and for the first time the G.O.P. is represented at every Southern statehouse. The trend continued into the spring, when Florida voters sent to Tallahassee a Republican delegation of fifty-nine, almost five times the twelve who were serving in 1966.

Party strategists could hardly ignore the lesson provided by the arithmetic: the biggest gains occurred in those states where Goldwater lost and the only notable losses were in the ones he carried, a fact attributable to the accompanying comeback of segregationist Democrats.

THE PRINCIPAL result has been to make Southern Republicans more practical and less ideological in their approach to politics. Even in the Deep South there is a growing recognition that the party must broaden its base and diminish its segregationist orientation to survive. Some G.O.P. tacticians think that Howard (Bo) Callaway would have defeated Lester Maddox in their runoff battle for the Georgia governorship if he had heeded Washington appeals to seek the Negro vote. Furthermore, the success of Rockefeller and Baker strengthened the advocates of a more moderate brand of Republicanism. Both men wooed and won substantial support from Negroes that proved important.

In view of developments, it is not surprising that some of Goldwater's former lieutenants should start moving toward a middle-ground position. Prominently in the vanguard are the Texans Senator Tower and Peter O'Donnell, the Republican state chairman who ran Goldwater's Southern operations.

The Texas Team

Tower and O'Donnell, in fact, are the principal architects of the new Southern strategy. They have strongly urged on Southern Republican leaders that uncommitted delegations be sent to next year's convention. The vehicle would be a series of favorite sons, with Tower himself supported by the fifty-six-vote Texas delegation. Similar moves are afoot for Callaway in Georgia, Governors Kirk in Florida and Rockefeller in Arkansas, and Senators Strom Thurmond in South Carolina and Baker in Tennessee. Leaders in Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana are seriously considering the adoption of Tower as their favorite son.

The strategy would enable the Southern states to present a united front at the convention while remaining unpledged right up to nominating time. They would thus have greater bargaining power in getting a palatable Vice Presidential nominee and platform, if not in choosing the Presidential nominee.

Tower and O'Donnell have been able to sell their plan because they have maintained close communication with other Southern leaders since the Goldwater debacle. Tower was chairman of the Southern caucus at the 1960 and 1964 conventions and has repeatedly made trips into other Southern states to address fund-raising rallies. O'Donnell, as chairman of the Southern Association of Republican State Chairmen, has a wide range of contacts. Despite reports that the two have not always seen eye to eye, they confer by telephone almost every day and work as a team.

Although Tower and O'Donnell remain conservatives and would prefer a conservative nominee if they felt he could win, they are not rigidly orthodox. Despite his conservative voting record, the forty-one-year-old Tower took a generally moderate line in his successful re-election campaign last fall and has helped some moderate Republicans in other Southern states.

Even more revealing is the way Tower and O'Donnell have been going out of their way to stress their flexible approach to the Presidential nomination. They have invited George Romney and Charles Percy into Texas for inspection and have laid down a don't-speak-ill-of-any-Republican rule—even Nelson Rockefeller. "We have grown up since 1964," Tower told me recently. "I doubt very much that a major leader will refuse to support the 1968 nominee regardless of who he is. We have healed wounds that I feared would be years in healing, and no responsible Republican wants to turn back."

DESPITE these conciliatory gestures, the favorite-son device has aroused some suspicions that it is mainly a strategy to secure delegates for Richard M. Nixon. Nixon unquestionably has more support than anyone else in the South and his hopes for a second nomination depend on winning the region's 310 votes. It is no secret that he is the current preference of Tower and O'Donnell, and their favorite-son tactic works to his advantage, helping him to avoid Goldwater's mistake of appearing to be the "Southern candidate." Indeed, Nixon spokesmen have encouraged the favorite-son movement, believing that it jibes with his current strategy of trying to win greater support among moderates.

Yet the Nixon candidacy suffers in the South—as elsewhere—from the feeling that he can't win. On a recent Southern tour I got the impression that much of his support there is primarily a good-will payment to an old friend who helped out during hard times rather than binding loyalty. This is underscored in remarks such as the one by a South Carolina Republican who described Nixon as "a two-time loser, and by God, we want to win this time."

This is precisely the problem. The South, as eager to win as the rest of the country, is uncertain where to turn because it does not really have a candidate it feels confident about. To be sure, there is increased talk

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of Ronald Reagan among the ultra-conservatives of the Deep South, and some Republicans have started actively promoting him. The efforts are not entirely without design. Some see a rallying around Reagan as the best means for preventing new-won conservative recruits from deserting to Wallace. The five states that went to Goldwater could well end in the Reagan corner. Yet there is no indication that the South will ultimately unite behind Reagan as it did behind Goldwater. Many think that he is too green for 1968. "A lot of us regard Ronnie as a soul brother, but we also think he needs some seasoning," remarked a Georgia Republican.

INEVITABLY, the Southern Republicans are coming around to the idea that the best hope for winning may lie in the nomination of a moderate. "It may sound strange, but I think we could work as hard for Rockefeller as for Reagan," I was told in Florida. Georgia's freshman Representative Fletcher Thompson put it only slightly differently when he said, "I could run with anybody—Rocky included."

Such remarks are not being widely advertised, of course. But they at least prove that the door is not closed tight against the party's moderates as it was three years ago. Although there is little activity in behalf of anyone apart from Nixon and Reagan, Romney organizations are being set up in several states, notably Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. A recent poll in Florida showed that Romney would run surprisingly well there against President Johnson.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Southern strategy is its relation to Tower's ambition for the Vice Presidential nomination. It is taken for granted that he can't make it if Nixon or Reagan is the Presidential choice. Apparently his best hope is to be paired with Romney or another moderate. The Goldwater influence still is strong enough that a good many Southern Republicans would probably regard Tower as a turncoat. But then, a good many Southern Democrats regarded Lyndon Johnson as a turncoat when he teamed with John F. Kennedy in 1960.

The Self-Defeating Civil War in Nigeria

CLAIRE STERLING

LAGOS, NIGERIA

ONE MAY GET an idea of Nigeria's awesome difficulties from the fact that it has had a civil war going for months without the slightest interference from abroad. None of the great powers has made a move. No resolutions have been tabled in the United Nations. The Organization of African Unity has been silent. Not a single African government has taken sides. Nobody seems to know what to do about this luckless country, beyond leaving the fifty-five million people who live here to fight it out for themselves.

Not that nobody cares. Nigeria is the biggest and richest state in Black Africa, and one of perhaps two or three with a really promising economy. Its annual growth rate has averaged six per cent since independence in 1960, its foreign trade amounted to $1.5 billion in 1966, and its oil reserves are thought to be nearly as extensive as Libya's. It has, furthermore, some of the continent's best civil servants and most remarkable politicians. What it does not have is a national identity.

For nineteen months now, the Nigerian Federation has been a political wilderness, its parliamentary façade in ruins and its feuding tribes at each other's throats. Every attempt at mediation and compromise has failed. There remains the Final Solution, to use the government's unfortunate term for it, and that may not work either.

THE Supreme Military Council in Lagos, the federal capital, says that it is fighting a war against secession just as we did a century ago. But the American Civil War was fought by people sharing a common language and culture. Nigeria's breakaway Eastern Region and its ten million Ibos have almost nothing in common with their fellow countrymen except hideous memories.

This is a different sort of war, the sort most African leaders have dreaded since the continent was decolonized. The question at issue is whether a Federation of historically incompatible tribes, thrown together almost absentmindedly by a British colonial administrator, should or can be forcibly preserved when its inhabitants are literally incapable of living together any longer.

Some Nigerians deny that the situation is that bad, insisting that the Federation can be put to rights as soon as the army captures and executes what it calls the madman of the East. Lieutenant Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu. But though the urbane, Oxford-educated Ojukwu may be vain, theatrical, and excessively ambitious, he does not strike visitors as a lunatic. Nor would his removal be likely to persuade the Ibos, in their present state of deep shock, that they could ever be truly secure in the Federation again.

No one who was there could readily forget the horror of the Northern massacres in May and October of last year, when twenty thousand to thirty thousand unarmed Ibo civilians were murdered by the Hausas of the North. Some were decapitated. Others bled to death after their arms, legs, and testicles were chopped off. Old men and boys had their eyes gouged out. Pregnant women's bellies were ripped open. Children were shot in their parents' presence. Not even before the days of Lord Lugard, who staked out his territory for the British Empire at the turn of the century, did one tribe fall upon another with such ferocity, on so massive a scale.

Whatever the old enmities between them, the Hausas would probably have felt no compelling urge to slaughter Ibos last year if the two had not been engaged since 1960 in a relentless struggle to control the federal power in Lagos. From independence in 1960, the Federation's major regions were dominated by three great tribes altogether disparate

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in character and unwilling to accept dictation from one another. The Western Yorubas were a settled nation of merchants and city dwellers when the British arrived in the nineteenth century and had moved easily into the modern age with their ancient culture intact. The Ibos, scattered in two hundred-odd independent clans among the swamps of the Niger Delta, were far less tradition-bound and had taken eagerly to Christianity and the western way of life. The Hausas and their traditional rulers, the aristocratic Fulanis, were devout Moslems living in a closed society of medieval emirates. Remote from the coast, poor, impervious to change, they had been left largely to their own—or their emirs'—devices. The tribes were hopelessly divided by a wall of incomprehension between Hausas and Ibos and the Yorubas' contempt for both.

The First Coup

Since none of them could control the federal government alone, the three regions resorted to a grim game of musical chairs. While the combinations varied from year to year, the left-out region was invariably either the Eastern or the Western. The Northern, with a larger population and territory than the rest of Nigeria combined, managed to dominate the federal government until January 15, 1966, when a group of young army officers assassinated the region's leader, the Sardauna of Sokoto, and his surrogate in Lagos, Prime Mininster Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.

The death of the gentle Sir Abubakar put an end to the fiction not only of a Westminster-type parliamentary democracy but of nationhood in Nigeria. It was not a unified federal army that took power in Lagos but one of its tribal components, to be replaced within six months by another. That was reportedly not the intention of the officers who organized the first military coup. Though predominantly Ibo, there were Northerners and Westerners among them; and their announced purpose was to bury tribalism along with the Sardauna and all the other politicians (a dozen of whom were killed as well) whose flamboyant corruption and cynical exploitation of tribal rivalries had sickened Hausas, Yorubas, and Ibos alike. Whether by chance or design, however, the man ending up in command of the Supreme Military Council, Major General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi, was an Ibo—well-meaning, Northern-born, Hausa-speaking, and evidently devoted to the cause of a single nation, but an Ibo nevertheless.

He did try to unify the country, breaking down regional divisions within the federal civil service and school system and reducing the regional governments' powers. But since he was surrounded by clever Ibo advisers, his every move was interpreted in the North as an effort to consolidate Eastern control over the Federation. The suspicion was

strengthened by the behavior of well over a million Ibos living in the North and holding down the best jobs there, who flaunted photographs of the dead Sardauna lying in a pool of blood and boasted brashly of their triumph. Tension was already high on May 24 when, to ensure a strong unitary government, Aguiyi-Ironsi issued a decree abolishing the regions entirely. The first massacres of Ibos broke out simultaneously in five Northern Region provinces five days later.

The damage was not yet beyond repair. When thousands of terrified Ibo refugees stampeded into the Eastern Region, they were asked to go back again by the military governor there, Colonel Ojukwu, and they did. "The people of the East, in their faith in the country as a unit, accepted those massacres as the last act of sacrifice for that faith," Ojukwu said afterward. "[With] Easterners deserting their places of work, . . . essential services in the North, and indeed the whole economy of that region, faced imminent collapse. I personally appealed to the fleeing Easterners to return. They obeyed me." But Colonel Ojukwu could afford to be magnanimous then, because General Aguiyi-Ironsi was still in power.

Two months later, the Supreme Commander was kidnapped, flogged, and murdered by another group of army officers. This time there was no doubt about the tribal nature of the coup. In the Western capital of Ibadan, the Northern military headquarters at Kaduna, and Lagos itself, practically every Ibo officer in sight was killed. Conservative estimates put the total at two hundred. The Supreme Military Council got a Northern commander, Lieutenant Colonel (now Major General) Yakubu Gowon—a Christian of the Tiv tribe and not a Moslem Hausa, but still a Northerner—and the North regained control of the Federation, or what was left of it.

THERE DID NOT appear to be much left. Northerners themselves were demanding secession, panic-stricken Ibos were in full flight to the East again, and Western Yorubaland, overrun by undisciplined Northern troops, had become an occupied territory. "The basis for unity," Colonel Gowon noted accurately in his first national broadcast, "does not exist."

There was still a small hope of saving something from the wreckage. At an emergency conference last September, the North proposed a loose association of autonomous states, linked by a customs union and joint public services. For once, all sides were in apparent agreement. But before details could be worked out, the North unaccountably withdrew its proposal; and on September 29, the remaining Ibos in Northern territory were massacred. On this occasion, Northern troops and police joined in snatching Ibos from their homes and hospitals, burning and looting the *Sabon Gari* (Strangers' Quarters), dragging refugees from waiting planes and shooting them down on the airstrip. Even when survivors managed to board trains moving eastward, they were stopped by Tivs, who finished off the work left undone by the Hausas.

When it was all over, the Eastern

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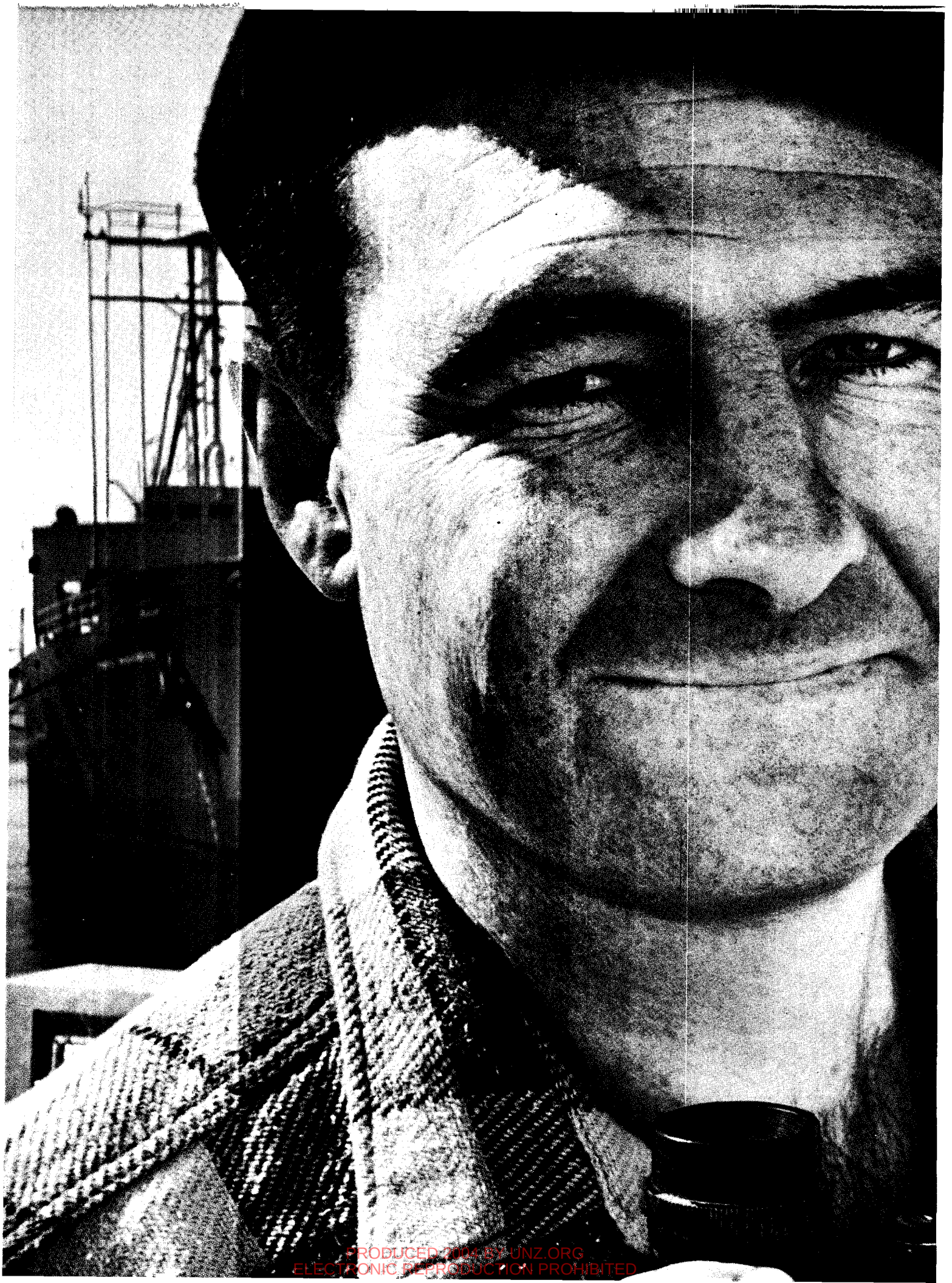

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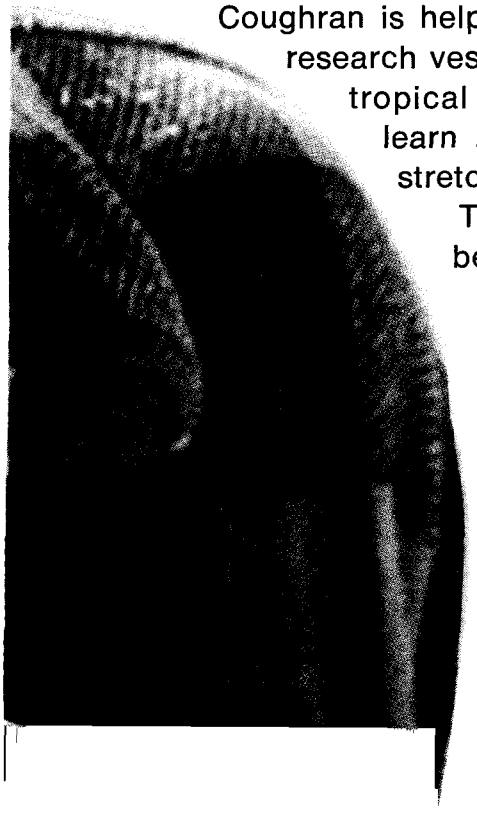
This seagoing scientist is helping oceanographers fathom the mysteries of the deep.

What's he doing at IBM?

IBM's Ed Coughran is a scientist who applies mathematics to ocean studies. He is assigned to work with Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, San Diego. One of his jobs is to help oceanographers at sea as they struggle to gather information—in fair weather or foul, 24 hours a day.

"On a cruise," says Coughran, "oceanographers collect thousands of facts. But ordinarily, they don't have time to analyze this information until they return to port. If they find something interesting, they can't do anything about it until next time out—so things move slowly."

Ed Coughran thinks he has a way to help oceanographers speed things up: by going down to the sea with computers.



Coughran is helping to install an IBM computer aboard the research vessel, Thomas Washington, for a trip into the tropical Pacific. Scripps' oceanographers want to learn more about this lonely, largely unexplored stretch of sea.

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This and other information about the ocean can serve mankind in many ways—for example, in helping us exploit the food resources of the undersea world. And it's one more demonstration of how IBM experts—like Ed Coughran—are using computers to help solve information problems of all kinds, ashore or afloat.

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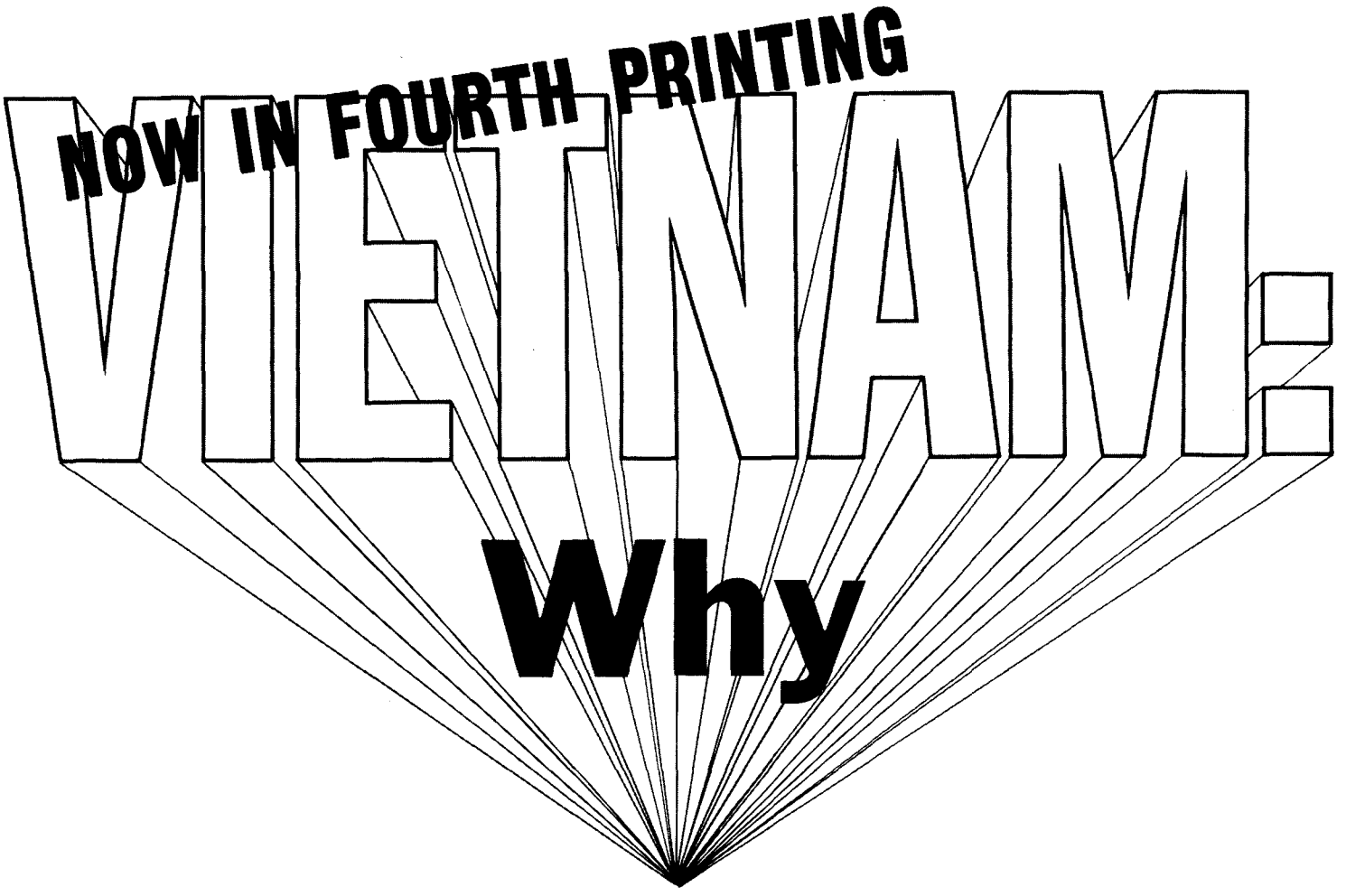

With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

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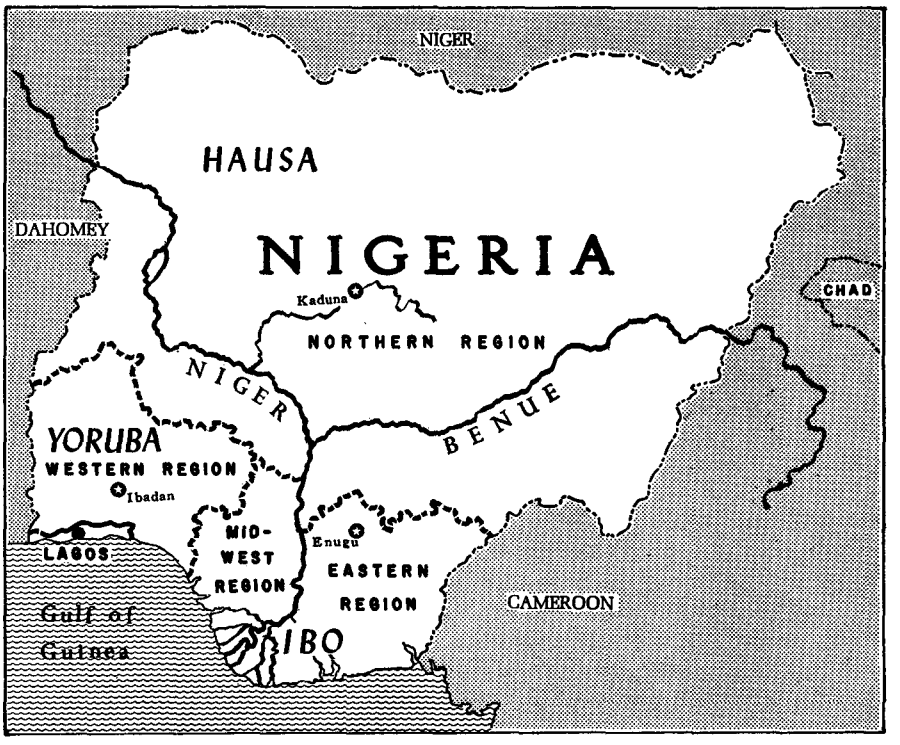
Region had a million and a half refugees who had come to stay. Whether or not Colonel Ojukwu had already decided to secede, he plainly had no intention of remaining in the Federation as it stood. Only once, before seceding eight months later, did he sit in the same room with his former comrades-in-arms, the military governors of the Northern, Eastern, and small Mid-West Regions, and Colonel Gowon himself. The conference, held in Aburi, Ghana, just after the New Year, was unexpectedly successful. Under the moderating influence of Ghana's General Joseph Ankrah, the Northern governor agreed to withdraw his troops from the West, the Supreme Military Commander agreed to finance the resettlement of Ibo refugees in the East, and everybody agreed to the loose association that they had accepted the previous September.

But the senior civil servants on whom Gowon relied to administer the Federation were not inclined to renounce their status and prerogatives in a strong central government. Appalled by what he had given away, they prevailed upon him to take it all back. At the end of March, he again changed his mind and reverted to the Aburi agreements. But Colonel Ojukwu, several steps ahead of him, was already preparing uniforms, flags, and a national anthem for his Republic of Biafra. The republic was proclaimed on May 29, the first anniversary of the massacres, and civil war became unavoidable.

It could have been avoided earlier if the protagonists in this lengthy tragicomedy had listened to, instead of shouting at, each other. The depth of Ibo desperation was never understood in Lagos, and the true situation in Lagos was surely not understood in Enugu, the rebel capital. Colonel Ojukwu had often poked fun at the unassuming and seemingly irresolute Supreme Commander. "There are so many Gowons," he told me, bowing his head sadly. "There is the Northerner with no initiative, the Christian with a conscience, the inexperienced youth finding his job utterly beyond him; and then there is the Gowon with the inferiority complex, convinced that all superior beings must be right and thus changing his mind



from one minute to the next." Yet at the very last minute and against all probability, Gowon managed to prevent what Ojukwu had counted on most: the complete disintegration of the Federation upon the East's departure.

It was quite an achievement for a man in Gowon's peculiarly vulnerable position. As a Tiv, he did not have many friends among the Northern emirs, who had been kept busy for years putting down riots among his million and a half mutinous fellow tribesmen. As a Northerner, he was suspect in Iboland and Yorubaland both; and as seventeenth in rank on the seniority list, he had little authority over the commissioned officers in the army. But he did have his Tivs, representing four out of five of the army's infantrymen and thus able to put him where he was; and he had the valuable counsel of the militant young Tiv leader Joseph Tarka, who, having been in and out of the emirs' prisons, had an intimate knowledge of Northern politics.

Dividing the North

The North has been changing since the Sardauna died, opening the way for men like Tarka and the Hausa opposition leader Aminu Kano to press for a more enlightened political structure. Little by little, under Aguiyi-Ironsi and then under Gowon, the emirs' powers have been whittled away. Their Native Authority Courts have been abolished, their political party has been outlawed, and their Koranic schools are giving way to modern public schools. Already on the defensive, they no longer had the strength to resist Gowon when he delivered the final blow—the creation of six states instead of one in the North, along with two new states in the East.

The decree, announced two days before the East seceded, altered the whole situation. First of all, the new Rivers and Calabar States in Ojukwu's Eastern Region could be an extremely useful weapon against him. Though they could not actually come into being while he was in Enugu, the promise alone was an incentive to resistance from the various small tribes that have always been restive under Ibo domination. But the breakup of the North was much more important. Dozens of small tribes, chafing under repressive Hausa-Fulani rule, were finally free of it. Larger tribes like the Tivs, who had long demanded their own Middle Belt state, got their states and so, for the first time, something to fight for. Above all, the concentrated power that had made the Northern Region so hated

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and feared by the rest of the Federation was gone, probably forever.

Gone with it was Ojukwu's hope that the West would secede when he did, rather than be left in a dismembered Federation at the North's mercy. He had been given an unequivocal guarantee to that effect by the leader of western thought in Yorubaland, Chief Obafemi Awolowo, who said early in May: "If the Eastern Region is allowed by acts of omission or commission to opt out of Nigeria, then the Western Region must stay out also." As one of the most expert politicians in the business, however, Chief Awolowo could hardly help noticing the fresh possibilities opening up by the end of May. Seceding, he would merely end up as the premier of a state with twelve million people. Remaining, when the North was at last divided and unable to lord it over Lagos, he had every chance of ending up as Prime Minister of the Federation. He remained, and was rewarded.

A month later, with Ojukwu out and civil war pending, Gowon made a second decisive move by bringing eleven civilians into his government as executive commissioners. Among them were Joseph Tarka, Aminu Kano, Chief Anthony Enahoro of the Mid-West Region, and Chief Awolowo, who came in on the understanding that he would become federal Prime Minister after the fighting.

If it were not for these two masterful strokes, General Gowon could not conceivably be waging war on Colonel Ojukwu, for there would be no Federation left to wage it. Having undertaken to fight, however, he has no assurance of winning—or at any rate, of winning quickly enough to keep everything he has pulled together from falling apart again. While neither side has much of an army, the Ibos are putting up the kind of resistance that Ojukwu always said they would, although Gowon never believed him.

WHETHER the warfare ends soon or late, it cannot have a happy ending. The East may hold out, demoralizing Gowon's supporters and crippling the economy of the Federation, if there still is one. Or the East may surrender, Ojukwu may escape in the helicopter ready on his lawn, and the federal army may occuy Enugu. But it is hard to imagine the bitterly angry and frustrated Ibos coming back into the fold as if nothing had happened. They are more likely to be an ungovernable force for years to come.

Counting as he did on a quick victory, perhaps Gowon did not foresee this. Other Nigerians, however, may wonder now whether it would not have been wiser to accept the loose association, or confederation, that Ojukwu called the "civilized" solution. It was admittedly the nicest possible solution for Ojukwu. The Ibos are Nigeria's best-educated and most energetic people, the East grows enough food to feed them all, its palm produce brings in nearly $100 million a year, and the oil reserves in its subsoil, scarcely tapped so far, have already provided the financing for an annual growth rate of ten per cent in the region. That was the case before secession, when only two-thirds of the oil revenues derived from the East were retained there, the rest going to Lagos. With the total revenues in hand —at present around $100 million for this region alone—and production rising almost hourly, an autonomous East would be sitting pretty.

Apart from the Mid-West, whose oil reserves are at least as large though not yet as developed as the East's, the rest of the Federation would fare less well. The West relies mostly on its $100-million yearly cocoa crop, and the landlocked North on its single $150-million crop of peanuts, which must be moved either through West or East to the sea. The North would be at a particular disadvantage. Poorest of the regions, it has had the lion's share of federal money. The current Six-year Plan provides for development projects worth nearly $400 million in the North, compared to $17 million in the West, $20 million in the Mid-West, and $55 million in the East. The fact that the East was providing a third of all the revenues coming into Lagos, so much of which were then diverted to the North, further outraged Ibo feelings.

Certainly, the loss of Eastern revenues would be a hardship for thirty million Northerners and twelve million Westerners as well. For it would mean simply progressing at the standard African rate of development rather than racing ahead on a golden stream of Nigerian oil—over twenty million tons of it in 1966, and sixty-three per cent of that in the Eastern Region. Nevertheless, a confederation would not be an economic calamity for any of its components. A customs union and common transport, power, telecommunications, and banking facilities would at least preserve the integrated market of fifty-five million consumers that foreign investors used to find so attractive before this nineteen-month crisis frightened them away. If that is worse than the best, it is better than the worst.

The Unity Fetish

Some day Gowon and his advisers may be reconciled to this, but not now. "Unity is my religion," Joseph Tarka said to me on the eve of the war. "I close my eyes to everything else."

There are several diplomats in this capital who wish they could. While Washington and London have been strictly neutral all along in the conflict, some American and British officials here had been counseling Gowon to be firm and resist the wiles of his enemy in the East. No doubt their intentions were good. The U.S. has given Nigeria $186 million in various forms of aid and privately invested $200 million here, mostly in oil, while the British have invested two or three times as much, not counting Shell-BP's huge stakes in the Eastern Region. Obviously they wanted a strong, united Federation because they had pinned so much faith on it. But they had been banking on a quick war, with winner taking all. Although the details of the fighting remain a mystery —most reporters are penned up in Lagos and Enugu, barred from the front—it is apparently going so badly that everybody may wind up as a loser: the Republic of Biafra, which is sealed off by a naval blockade; the oil companies, which dare not defy the federal gunboats; the politicians, who have been shifting so profitably with the wind; and honest federalists like Gowon and Tarka.

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After the 'Agitators' Left Greensboro

JAMES K. BATTEN

GREENSBORO, ALABAMA

WHEN the tumultuous summer of 1965 was finally over, the exasperated white people of this country town were enormously relieved. They heartily agreed with Hamner Cobbs, editor of the weekly Greensboro *Watchman*, when he wrote on September 16: "It is a remarkable thing, this peace which has settled over the Greensboro community since those little college whelps left us. . . . For no visible reason, this quiet old community was selected by the advocates of racial discord for a real scorching. . . . These people have been here since spring, working day and night in trying to stir up a revolution, if not a civil war."

Like scores of other Deep South communities, Greensboro had just collided with the civil-rights movement. Dozens of college-age volunteers had poured in from all over the country. There had been marches, demonstrations, and boycotts. Some 470 demonstrators had been shipped off to prison camps. On one memorable day in July, outside the old yellow-brick Hale County Courthouse, furious whites had waded into a crowd of demonstrators and had sent several of them to the hospital.

Shifting Forces

That was two years ago. Today, in Greensboro and elsewhere in the rural South, professional civil-rights organizers from the outside are rarely seen. The "black power" controversy has discouraged contributions to civil-rights organizations, and those same organizations have shifted much of their remaining resources and energies from the Southern backwaters to the Negro slums of the North or to protests against the war in Vietnam. Now that the "outside agitators" are gone, are the Negroes they came to help any better off? Has white supremacy been seriously shaken? Or has life in the small-town South simply returned to normal?

Greensboro, a sleepy town of less than four thousand citizens in west central Alabama, seems a good place to explore these questions. With its handsome ante-bellum mansions and its squalid "nigger houses," it is typical of the many Southern communities where the soil is black and rich and the majority of the people are black and poor. In Greensboro and Hale County in the summer of 1965, nearly seventy per cent of the nineteen thousand residents were Negro. Yet the white minority was dominant in every sphere of community life, owning the land, dispensing the jobs, enforcing the law, and running the local government. Editor Cobbs liked to remind his readers: "It is not a case of a white democracy or a black democracy. It is a case of white democracy or none at all."

At the end of 1964, only about 230 Negroes were registered to vote. No Negro had sat on a jury in modern times. And ten years after the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision, not one Negro youngster had ever sat in a classroom with white children.

When local Negroes, cautiously at first and then more openly, began to heed the call of civil-rights organizers in the spring of 1965, white people were genuinely surprised. But soon many reacted with indignation and cold fury. Cooks were fired. Sharecroppers were evicted from land they had tended for years. Credit was cut off overnight. And when the tension was at its height in July, two Negro churches burned mysteriously in a single week.

Nevertheless, that September six Negro girls broke the color line in Hale County's public schools. Under Federal pressure, county officials began calling an occasional Negro for jury duty. And most significant of all, more and more of the county's Negroes were registered to vote. By the spring of 1966, Negro registration had soared to more than three thousand, thanks primarily to the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Exact comparisons of white and Negro voting strength were never possible, mainly because Hale County for years had failed to purge its voter lists. A tabulation by the Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Project last summer showed an official white registration of 4,515, though the estimated white voting-age population was only 3,594.

Greensboro has not returned to

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the tranquillity it took for granted before 1965. Under local leaders who came to the fore in the last two or three years, Hale County's Negroes have taken up the fight where the outsiders left it.

In February, 1966, to the dismay of the white community, a group of activists decided to back a Negro preacher, Henry McCaskill, for sheriff. With three white opponents splitting the white vote, McCaskill finished first in the May primary. But in the runoff a few weeks later, the white electorate united behind Ben Kizziah, a former Alabama highway patrolman. Kizziah won, 3,601 to 2,650.

Hundreds of Negroes also voted for Kizziah, and their votes may have been pivotal. Whites and Negroes in Hale County offer sharply conflicting theories to explain those votes. Lewis J. Lawson, president of the Peoples Bank in Greensboro and one of the town's most resolute segregationists, declared, "A lot of colored people still don't trust the other colored man. He [the Negro] would rather trust his white friend than an untried colored man." But forty-two-year-old Lewis Black, who is now the county's most important Negro leader, insisted that many Negroes feared economic reprisals if they voted for McCaskill.

This June, continuing the civil-rights struggle, a group of ten Negroes attempted a "swim-in" at a pool formerly operated by the municipality and now ostensibly under private control. They were turned away. At the same time, Negro pickets marched outside two variety stores in downtown Greensboro, demanding that Negro salespeople be hired. And at the Negroes' request, an investigator from the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission visited Greensboro.

Most Monday nights, fifty to seventy-five people turn up at St. Luke's African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church for meetings of the Hale County Improvement Association. Its prime movers are Lewis Black, who once taught music at the Negro high school, and Theresa Burroughs, a beautician who was one of the demonstrators shipped off to prison in the summer of 1965. Although voter registration and school desegregation are still important topics at these meetings, in recent months there has been a greater emphasis on plans to provide economic security for the county's hard-pressed Negroes. Local bakery and sewing co-operatives are to be set up. More than twenty Hale County farmers are already participating in a ten-county vegetable-growing co-operative, approved by the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity over Governor Lurleen Wallace's veto. A credit union and a nonprofit grocery store also are in operation.

The White Reaction

The response of most Greensboro white people, at least on the surface, has been an increased rigidity on racial matters. "You've got to be more careful what you do or say," James Key, principal of Greensboro's public schools, told me. "Somebody is seen shaking hands with a Negro, they say he's gone over to the other side—nigger lover, integrationist, or something like that." The Reverend David Carter, the young pastor at the white Greensboro Methodist Church, recalls the time he shook hands with Black at a PTA meeting. "Everybody in town knew about it by six the next morning."

Many whites seem to be withdrawing from all contact with Negroes wherever possible. One Greensboro housewife, sitting on her front porch, remarked, "They pass by here continually asking for work—little boys and girls. But I don't want any Negro help. There are too many emotional problems."

White paternalism also has waned. The Negro who needs to be bailed out of jail or to pay a big hospital bill is less likely now to find a white man ready to advance the money. That is particularly true if the Negro has any record of civil-rights activity. "The white man has done everything for the Negro in this area," one white Greensboro leader declared. "I mean everything—even including his thinking. But there's not much of that paternal feeling now."

Many white residents are more convinced than ever that the only long-range solution to "the nigger problem" is to persuade more Negroes to move away. The goal, of course, is to hasten the day when whites will become the majority in Hale County. Cobbs has espoused this idea in his editorial columns. "I want to spread 'em all over the country," he explained. "If they congregate, who in hell wants 'em? It [moving Negroes out] is just basic civic policy among white folks. If a nigger man really wants to leave—and will stay gone—then he can get a free ride to Cleveland."

As white men withdraw their land, their credit, and their paternalistic support, many Negroes are being forced to struggle for economic independence. Albert Turner, one of the few remaining organizers for Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference in rural Alabama, explained the situation this way:

"In one sense, the Negro is worse off than before. But in another sense, he's better off. This may mean some temporary suffering, but otherwise he'd have been in that condition for the rest of his life. We're in a transition period. You'd be surprised how many people came off the plantation and bought themselves a house, sometimes the house they'd been living in, for a hundred dollars. They tear it down and build it back. They sell a cow and a pig and all the chickens they've got to scrape up the money and buy an acre of land. And it's theirs, instead of somebody else's. They would never have stepped out and become independent people if they hadn't gotten kicked off."

Sixty-year-old Eugene Garrett spent fifty-two years sharecropping on the plantation of a prominent Hale County farmer-politician. In 1965, Garrett began attending civil-rights meetings at St. Matthew's African Methodist Episcopal Church in Greensboro. He was asked to lend a hand in the voter-registration campaign, but he begged off. "I told them I was on another man's land, and I had nowhere to go."

Garrett's caution was of no avail. In the fall of 1965, shortly after Negro cottonpickers had boycotted Garrett's landlord at harvest time, the landowner annouced that he was finished with sharecropping. Garrett was out of a job, the only one he had ever known.

For months he remained in his old cabin rent-free, subsisting pri-

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marily on the skimpy income from a few rented acres of farmland. But this spring, thanks to financial help from sons living in Detroit, Racine, and Birmingham, he moved into a modest new bungalow nine miles west of Greensboro on an unpaved farm road. In his last twenty-three years of sharecropping, Garrett had cultivated his crops with his landlord's tractors. Now he uses a horse to tend his ten rented acres. "It's pretty hard," he told me. "I get home some evenings and can't get no further than the steps. But I wouldn't take nothing for it. If you're doing something for me, I'm always afraid I'll do wrong and you're going to scorn me for it. I might even do wrong trying to do right."

Roads to Improvement

While working out ideas to better the Negroes' economic conditions, leaders of the Hale County Improvement Association are opening tenuous lines of communication to key white officials. And these officials, while proceeding with extreme caution, are beginning to respond to Negro overtures—not from any change of heart, it appears, but largely because of the big and still growing Negro vote.

"If I call the county commissioners about a road or a street light, they get out and do it right fast," Black said. "I know they don't give a hoot for me, but they respect me." Black added that one white officeholder "tries to be square with me because he don't want me to march a thousand people down there and raise hell."

One day last fall, Mrs. Burroughs phoned all five members of the Board of Revenue, the county governing board, urging them on behalf of herself and her neighbors to build a road to serve about fifteen houses at the western edge of Greensboro. The following Monday, Mrs. Burroughs and a delegation of neighbors—most of them recently registered to vote—appeared at the courthouse to press their request; that same day a county road-building crew began work. Mrs. Burroughs is not ready to claim that the new votes made the difference. "We had been trying to get that road for eight or nine years," she said. "The only thing I can say is that they didn't do it before, but they did do it this time."

Probate Judge Hal Knight, chairman of the Board of Revenue and one of the most powerful men in Hale County politics, shrugged off suggestions that the increased Negro registration was affecting the board's decisions. "It's not that I don't want all the votes I can get," he admitted. "But that's not what motivated me. . . . A lot of niggers should have had roads that didn't have roads. When I got to be probate judge [in 1964], I built 'em some roads. If you do things like that, you'll have better relations."

Knight is anxious to avoid the impression that he is courting the Negro vote. He said that he would not "bootlick" anybody when he seeks re-election in 1970. "We've got some good sound niggers, and they'll vote for me, I believe. Old-line niggers will see what Mr. Hal says about it."

Some of Knight's old friends, however, insist that he is quietly adjusting his political behavior to meet the new realities. "Hal Knight is perfectly aware that these Negroes have to be taken care of," one of them said. "He's going to pick up some of those Negro votes. Hal is more reasonable than he used to be."

Perhaps the white official who speaks most bluntly about the need for a realistic approach is James Key, the school principal. Key incurred the wrath of some white citizens last fall when he agreed to become chairman of the Hale County anti-poverty program, of which Black is vice-chairman. Key told me: "Some people said, 'Let them [the Negroes] have it and blow it all to pieces. They'll misappropriate the funds and then we'll have them in the penitentiary.' But that's completely unrealistic."

Key believes that Hale County's white people will make a grave mistake if they refuse to recognize any potential leadership in the Negro community. Without naming Black, Key argued that although white people may not like the Negroes' leader, "If he's the leader, he's the one you've got to deal with. We're past the day when we can ignore all of them. There's been a strong shift toward the meeting and discussing of this thing. We're going to have to do it, or the political power of the county is going to shift." What he meant was that if the Negro leaders' overtures for co-operation are continually rebuffed, all-black government might well become their top-priority goal.

From the Negroes' point of view, the gains made so far may seem minuscule. Whites and Negroes sit down occasionally to talk about poverty, but the anti-poverty program shows few indications of getting past the talking stage. Greensboro merchants are still reluctant to hire Negroes for other than menial jobs. Restaurants and motels may be theoretically desegregated under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but Negroes are most emphatically not welcome, so they stay away. In the public schools, despite gradually increasing desegregation, the overwhelming majority of Negro children still receive inferior, segregated education.

All this has inevitably produced some disillusion after the excitement generated by the civil-rights movement in the summer of 1965. "It has ruint the children," one old Negro complained. "It had 'em built up so high. They believed they would be governor of the state and President of the country. Everything clipped out from under 'em, and down they come."

But Mrs. Burroughs insists that the disillusion has passed. "We realize now that things don't happen overnight. People thought we had an Aladdin's lamp. But they realize now it takes work. We haven't let up one bit. We wouldn't want our children to come up under the oppression we've had to live under. It [the civil-rights movement] is the best thing I've ever participated in. I wouldn't have wanted to live without its coming."

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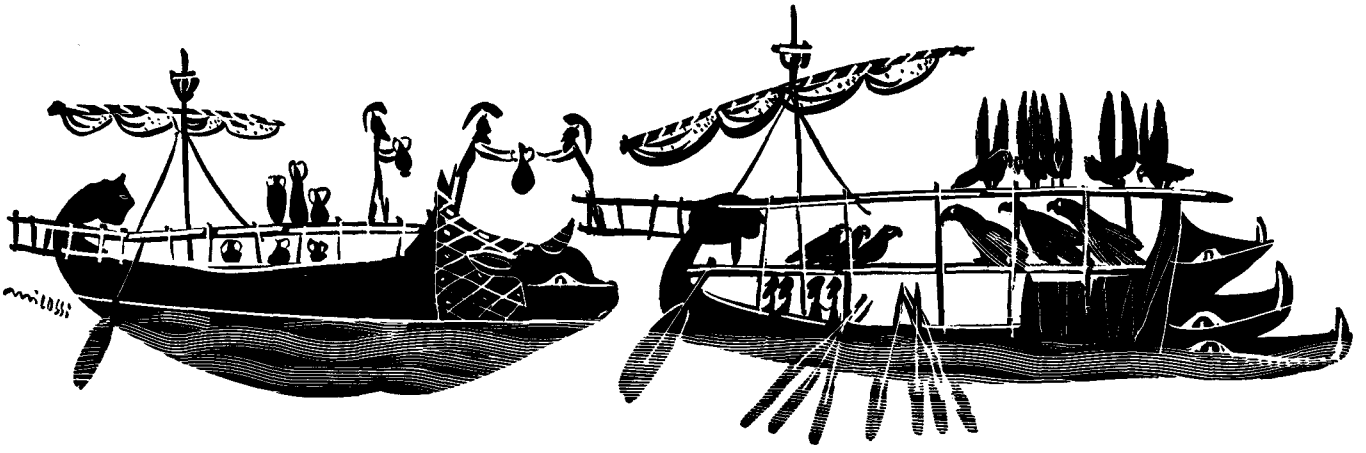

Strange Interlude in Athens

GEORGE BAILEY

ATHENS

ON JULY 12, General Stylianos Patakos, in his capacity as Minister of the Interior, deprived Melina Mercouri of her Greek citizenship and confiscated all her possessions in Greece for "anti-national activities." On the same day the newspaper *Free World,* an organ of the unfree Greek press, carried an illustrated editorial entitled "Tourism and Politics" which complained of "the campaign of intimidation conducted abroad to discourage tourists from visiting Greece." It featured a cartoon from the London *Sunday Times* showing a lantern-jawed Patakos machine-gunning Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Aristophanes. It also played up the ingenious counterfeiting of a Greek Tourist Office brochure by a twenty-three-year-old female member of the Liberal Radical Committee of One Hundred: "On your first day in Athens," read the brochure, "take a seat in one of the many sidewalk cafés and watch the tanks, the soldiers with their guns pointed at passers-by, the machine guns manned by frowning military. . . . The hotels in Greece are clean and the prices are very reasonable. It is not impossible that, returning from your swim or your walk one day, you will find that your hotel has been taken over by the authorities to house yet another crowd of political prisoners. Don't forget to bring your camera, because it may well be that you will be lucky enough to take the first pictures of the second Greek civil war."

I read these passages aloud to Patakos and then showed him his own decree depriving Miss Mercouri and seven other Greeks living abroad of their citizenship. I commented that this was the most effective sort of anti-Greek propaganda. Patakos looked briefly at the announcement and said: "This is wrong. See, here it says, 'In accordance with Constituent Act H of 1967.' Actually, the deprivation of citizenship was undertaken in accordance with Paragraph Gamma, Article 20, of Constituent Act 3370 of the year 1955. We didn't make this law: it has been on the books for twelve years. We applied it." As he spoke, I remembered the new government's first message to the people: "The mission of the government is to apply the law."

The *Free World* editorial also contained a plea for understanding: "This government characterizes itself as transitional and declares that it aims at the establishment of a healthy democratic system." I said that there was surely an inconsistency between a transitional state of affairs and so permanent a thing as the deprivation of citizenship.

"Not so," said Patakos. "Mercouri can apply for restitution of her citizenship and property. The law provides for that." Then he sought out the relevant passage. "If she comes to Greece within one year of having lost her citizenship she can make application for restitution." "Just how would she apply?" I asked. "She would have to come to me and show that she wants to be a Greek again, that she wants to help Greece." He found the procedure for application and read it to me. "I don't mean she would have to come to me personally or change her mind about me, Patakos. She can think whatever she likes about me. But she would have to show that she had changed her mind about Greece."

AS OFTEN AS NOT, the propaganda directed against Greek tourism from abroad is wildly inaccurate—no country is more hospitable. But this does not render it one whit less effective. So far this summer the number of tourists has fallen off by about fifty per cent compared to last summer. Almost unquestionably, it is the western countries' "moral condemnation" of the Greek military coup that has made the difference. Patakos brushed this aside. "There is an old Greek proverb," he told me. " 'As long as all is well in the monastery, then . . .' " There the proverb trails off. The sense of it is that as long as your own house is in order, you needn't worry about what others think.

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Patakos was forthright about the large number of political prisoners being held by the government without charges. "That is true," he said. "We are holding them because they are Communists or have been implicated with Communists according to the evidence we have found in the headquarters of the EDA" (Communist-front United Democratic Left). "But that is not the case with all of them," I said, and cited John Tsouderos, a native Greek who served as a paratrooper in the U.S. Army during the Second World War and who is a staunch conservative.

"Ah, yes," said Patakos. "We are holding Tsouderos and other non-Communist party leaders because we had information that they were plotting together in order to prevent a military coup: if we hadn't arrested them, they'd have arrested us. They can be released any time they choose. All they have to do is sign a pledge that they will refrain from doing anything against the government." (So far the government has released about 3,400 of the more than six thousand originally arrested.)

The Case of 'Handy Andy'

Andreas Papandreou, the son of former Premier George Papandreou, leader of the majority Center Union Party, is easily the most famous of the political prisoners. No less a personage than former Governor Edmund G. Brown of California journeyed to Greece with a lawyer and personal friend of Andreas named James Schwartz in an effort to dissuade the Greek government from trying him for high treason. The two men tried to assure the Greek government with some authority that Andreas, once the head of the University of California's Department of Economics who forfeited his American citizenship when he entered Greek politics in 1963, would be allowed to return and remain in the United States.

It was a strange visit. Acting with what the Greeks interpreted as Washington's approval, Brown and Schwartz tried to demonstrate that it could not be in the best interests of Greece to try Andreas and that a sufficient example could be made by deporting him. It would be extremely detrimental to Greece, they emphasized, if the government went ahead with the trial.

As Minister of the Interior, General Patakos was the appropriate authority for them to see. Patakos took Schwartz, who stayed on after Brown left, along on a swing through his native Crete, and feted him in his home town as a guest of his ninety-year-old mother. Schwartz reportedly was deeply moved by the way Patakos, whom he believed to be a truly good man, measured his old mother's wine and cut her meat for her.

It is typical of Patakos that he should have gone to such lengths to show his own and his government's good will to a visiting American petitioner (and incidentally to demonstrate his personal popularity in Crete) while strictly refusing to make the least concession in the disposition of Andreas Papandreou's case. Throughout, Patakos, who has been

a soldier ever since he was fifteen and who is a singular but even mixture of military sternness and bumpkin affability and humor, controlled his indignation at the attempt of the two Americans "to interfere in Greek internal affairs."

On July 21, the government released a letter written to Patakos by Stanley J. Pincetl, Jr., a professor of history at San Diego State College, which provides a good example of what the government faces generally:

"Your Excellency: This letter constitutes a request to withdraw all political accusations against Andreas Papandreou and all political prisoners arrested with him.

"According to available information, the accusations seem to be of a superficial nature and any pretenses for a just judiciary decision seems impossible.

"Such a decision would strengthen the confidence of our country, which has many interesting links with Greece and has respected its democratic inheritance."

Patakos' reply to Pincetl, in turn, constitutes a good indication of why the government is up against this sort of thing in the first place:

"Sir: I cannot accept that a history professor is able to conclude on the innocence or the guilt of a defendant. This is the work of justice and even children know it. Yours, S. Patakos."

The Colonels' Quandary

It is, in short, the nature of the government itself that invites foreign intervention in its internal affairs, that prompts personal appeals to the Minister of the Interior by visiting American private citizens, that makes it difficult for Professor Pincetl to believe that the Greek government is capable of providing justice for a defendant. The same inherent flaw also excites the suspicion that the noble-sounding proclaimed goals of the coup officers, such as "the creation of a new polity," have been dictated by the necessity for self-justification. In this connection, Patakos may have committed a Freudian slip during our interview. I had asked him if he was satisfied with the way things were going. "Indeed," he replied, "I have written an apologia—I mean an autocriticism—of my performance since the revolution."

The same question applies to the description of the coup as a "revolution." The Army Corps group began by announcing revolution as a goal and then assumed the term as a title—a considerable arrogation in itself.

Inevitably, the most suspect announcements of the government concern its justification for coming into being—the regularly repeated claims of overwhelming dangers narrowly avoided, of the imminent threat of a Communist take-over foiled at the last minute, etc. Every effort of the government to expose Communism in Greece and elsewhere as a mortal danger is immediately discounted because the entire campaign is regarded as identical with the government's propaganda program of self-justification.

It is this aspect of the situation

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that compromises and complicates the prosecution of Andreas Papandreou: the government will be damned if it does and doomed if it doesn't. Should the government prosecute Papandreou, find him guilty, and imprison him, its lack of a constitutional basis and its vested interest in his conviction could make the undertaking backfire. Should it

prosecute Andreas and find him not guilty, the government in effect would be finding against itself. To release him without trial would be an admission by the government of a lack of seriousness. To deprive him of citizenship and deport him after finding him guilty of "the highest crime against his country" would be farcical.

The fact is that Andreas Papandreou is a personification of the government's justification for being.

"Andy Papandreou was the leader of the unofficial 'American' community in Greece and the most prominent American in the country," a prominent Greek artist told me recently. "He was also the most anti-American Greek spokesman. We could never figure out what he was, and every time we asked an official at the American embassy for an explanation he would quickly change the subject. But when Hubert Humphrey's sister came to Athens, the first thing she did was visit Andy. Whatever else he might have been, for Greece Andy Papandreou was a colossal provocateur."

The trouble is that the present Greek government is compromised by the very act that brought it into being and by the guarantee of its transitoriness. This also accounts for the ambiguous nature of the working relationship between the government and the country's professional elite.

It is widely acknowledged that this arbitrary government can complete tasks that the warring parties could never have accomplished in Parliament. Foremost among these is the drafting of a new constitution. Yet in order to enlist the services of qualified specialists, Premier Constantine Kollias was obliged to assure the Drafting Committee that "Neither the government itself nor, consequently, anybody else interprets your participation in the committee as constituting actual co-operation in the government's task, or even approval of its deeds." Even so, the government had difficulty enlisting the best authorities.

One such task that the government has carried out well is something every responsible Greek politician for the last hundred years has longed to do. Composed of religious men, it nevertheless told the Greek Orthodox hierarchy that it would have to start acting like the state-supported established church it is and stop acting like the state within a state it claimed to be. Less than three weeks after coming to power, the government forced the resignation of the ailing octogenarian Archbishop Chrysostomos and appointed the less elderly palace chaplain Hieronymos in his place. It appointed three new bishops and replaced one (who thereupon sold his predecessor's Pontiac and gave the proceeds to the poor). It reduced the executive synod from twelve to nine members, and reorganized the administration of the central church fund. It also raised and equalized priests' salaries and introduced a new charter aimed at eliminating corruption.

LIKEWISE, the government has announced a wage increase for the civil service and a plan for the establishment of a Civil Service Institute with the first six-month course scheduled to begin in September. A more ambitious plan will attempt a general equalization of tax burdens and will restructure and enforce all forms of taxation.

The egalitarian features of the régime and its program have brought it a fair measure of popularity with those who are more interested in economic justice than in representative institutions: the small farmer, the agricultural laborer, the small businessman, and the factory worker —in short, the groups most favored by former Premier Constantine Karamanlis in his eight-year program of national economic construction. But the régime's proclaimed goal, "to turn Greece into a busy workshop in which industriousness, equality of privileges, law, and prosperity will prevail," has little progress to show thus far.

The government has imposed a degree of monetary stability by freezing prices of basic foodstuffs and most salaries—it has even decreed that no one may have a salary larger than that of the Premier, who draws $1,000 a month. The one other major economic initiative is a much-publicized campaign to attract foreign investment. A first step was the signing of a contract with Litton Industries, which calls eventually for

Litton, in exchange for a considerable fee, to obtain $840 million of foreign investment capital over the next twelve years. This is a pilot operation in a double sense, since it is the first of Litton's "regional multipurpose development" schemes for underdeveloped areas. But the Litton contract is a long-term program. Specific new projects are few and modest: a Goodyear tire factory and a French fertilizer factory, for example, together add up to hardly more than $18 million; the for-

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eign-investment pipeline to Greece, for the moment at least, remains largely empty.

Record sums have been budgeted for education, both in school construction and teachers' salary increases. These and like measures, particularly in housing construction, have been accompanied by budgetary cutbacks in public services.

Drubbing the Drachma

Against the background of economic chaos largely responsible for the desperation that inspired the coup, the government unexpectedly published the gold and hard-currency reserves figures for the first half of this year. They are alarming. The six-months figure of $260 million represents a real decline of $42.3 million over the period. (In the corresponding period last year there was a real decline of only $7.3 million.) Most ominously, there was a sharp drop in June, normally the first big tourist month of the year. Flagging tourism, although a major cause of the decline, is not the only determining factor: construction and repair work in Greek shipyards have fallen off precipitously as a result of the closing of the Suez Canal. If this trend continues—and there are many indications that it will—the Greek government will be forced to undertake measures to curtail domestic demand, as by limiting imports or even devaluing the drachma. But such measures would also dampen the spirit of enterprise and so thwart the campaign to attract foreign investment. The end result of all this is to make tourism more important than ever.

The first-ranking member of the triumvirate, Minister to the Premier Colonel George Papadopoulos, who is silent and unapproachable even to American officials, is responsible for liaison with King Constantine II. The King has generally maintained his distance from the junta, never losing an opportunity in his public addresses to remind the military of its pledge to effect a speedy return to constitutional government. His single success in opposition has been to prevent the appointments of army officers to ambassadorships.

The final paradox of the Greek situation is that the original strength of the military group has since become its chief weakness. The reason the populace was caught flat-footed by the coup was that it came from a totally unexpected quarter—namely, from within the conservative National Radical Union. The military clique that engineered the coup made up the right wing of the party. At three o'clock in the morning of April 21 the King's adjutant, Michael Arnaoutis, says that he realized that his house was surrounded by armed men. He called the King on his direct line to inform him that he was beleaguered by Communists. "Shoot it out with them," commanded the King. A few minutes later Arnaoutis called back. "I can't shoot it out with them," he said. "They are all friends of mine."

When Patakos discussed Conservative Party leaders and even Center Union deputies with me, he referred to many of them as old acquaintances and friends. The over-

throw of government by their own kind precluded a violent reaction on the part of Conservatives and even at first assured some willingness to lend support. But a prolonged unconstitutional government even by friends is something else. After three months, the willingness to put up with it is vanishing. Moreover, because of their personal ties, the leaders of the régime are both unwilling and unable to inspire the minimum fear necessary to effective totalitarian rule.

While the government has all the administrative levers of power, it has remarkably little of the substance of authority. This is why, though adjured by its sympathizers to work fast and be laconic, the government talks so much and tries to act so tough, supplying headlines like "A Warning to Enemies of the Greek Revolution" and issuing acts of deprivation of citizenship. The régime is hostile to a free press because it has no indirect means whatever of influencing opinion. "Censorship is one thing," said a former Greek newspaperman to me. "We are used to that. But this outfit insists on *editing* the newspapers." Indeed, the Greek government carefully edited out the Israeli-Arab war from all five of its newspapers until the second day. Finally, this straining to be taken seriously is one of the main reasons why the present government has been characterized in the Athens coffeehouses as "a happening."

A senior Greek politician, now retired, has said that the present government must do two things before it leaves: guarantee the security of the country and then guarantee the security of all members of the government for the aftermath. The committee now drafting the new constitution was charged on June 15 to complete its task within six months. When it is completed, it will be presented for acceptance in a national plebiscite. Thereafter a constitutional government can be formed and a general amnesty declared to protect the members of the present government from formal reprisals. A special amnesty within the general amnesty could then be issued by the new government to Andreas Papandreou along with deportation orders. This is probably the only generally acceptable way of dealing with "the Papandreou dilemma."

"Whatever happens," said a prominent Greek publisher, "there will not be chaos. Instead, we shall have had this curious interlude in which a number of Greek senior military officers and their civilian associates may have sacrificed their reputations to the cause of maintaining order and laying the foundations of economic and social reform. One thing more: when constitutional government returns, Patakos will almost certainly return—if he wishes to—as a member of Parliament from Crete."

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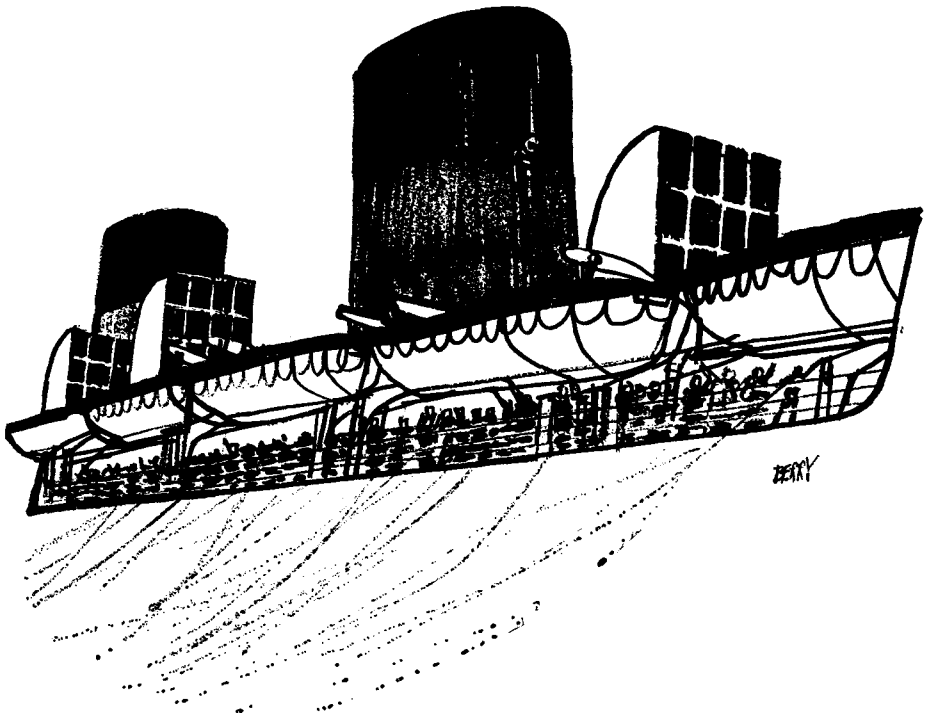

Farewell to the Great Ships

NOEL MOSTERT

So they're to go at last: the Queens. It's a shock, but they've been greedy sisters lately and have swallowed the Cunard profits; their combined annual losses run into several million dollars, and that couldn't go on. The *Mary* makes her last crossing at the end of this season, and the *Elizabeth* hers next year, and I find it impossible to think of the Atlantic without them. Or the Hudson.

No more that deep, deep boom resounding again and again up from the West Side piers and rocketing through the Manhattan canyons. No more that sudden surprise of seeing the river and the Jersey shore blocked out by these vast and decorative superstructures with their gleaming white decks and handsome red-and-black funnels. No more sitting down at the Battery and waiting, with one's sandwiches, for the occasion of their passing. I say no more with such finality because, although we haven't yet said good-bye to them, the association is, so to speak, over. We can no longer simply accept them as part of the scene. There can no longer be that casual enjoyment of them on the river or the bay, because any sight of them now only means regretful hoarding of the image.

Still, it's nice to think they'll be around for even a little while longer, and this is a tribute in their presence, as it were. The Queens undoubtedly will remain the greatest ships ever built, however large those super-super tankers grow. Nothing like them will be seen again. No tanker, no matter what its size—and they're thinking of 500,000-tonners that would be a third again as long as the Queens—can ever carry the visual impact of these liners, especially when seen at speed, flinging the ocean aside in huge combers, their whole line one of power and splendor. Oceanic palaces of staggering dimensions.

Those dimensions have in fact helped kill them—the *Queen Elizabeth* was recently refitted at a cost of millions in the belief that she would continue for perhaps another ten years, earning her way by cruising, but the sad discovery was that size limited her itineraries because so many places couldn't accommodate her, and it also made running her so expensive that fares were of necessity above the average.

The role of these ships in war and peace, and their impact upon the public imagination all over the world, has been remarkable. The news of their imminent demise made headlines on every front page in Britain and on many others elsewhere. It was brought up in Parliament (the *Queen Mary* should be anchored somewhere and used to help alleviate the national housing shortage, suggested one Labour M.P.), and generally caused such concern that it was hard to believe that they were not national institutions but commercial vehicles after al' whose survival was wholly dependent upon the simple but rigid rules of profit and loss.

They've been with us for so long that they have actually come to be considered "camp" (is there anything that hasn't?). They receive this final and most bizarre of their accolades because, I suppose, they are so extraordinarily outside the times and of contemporary taste. To like and admire the Queens is an admission of advancing age and of sedate preferences. Their decoration is not inspiring, indeed for the most part it is without taste and even drab, but it has its own nostalgic comfort, a dark paternal solidity, Ritzish-Pall Mallish, that is possibly the last real Edwardian manifestation in our times.

The British have always had weird ideas about luxury but ever a thoroughgoing sense of the grand, which is a natural corollary of snobbery; their ducal palaces and country houses for the most part convey this misunderstanding of the former and grasp of the latter. The Queens exemplified this confusion. You could never call them glamorous, though they ferried those who were. They did not set off women's clothes the way the *Bremen* or *Normandie* or *Conte di Savoia* did: or the way the *Rotterdam* or *France* or Italian boats do today. They were not for fashion, but they certainly were for class. Other ships might

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be modish, but the Queens were manners.

For the conservative-minded, they represent a bulwark against plastic and formica, stainless steel, and the smooth neutrality of today's bland and pasteled interiors. I have great affection for all that blind space and humdrum splendor, for the miles of dreary creaking paneling, for the acres of mishandled halls, oak and horrid gilt, for the embossed mirrors and solid furniture; teatime string quartets and ancient retainers. The carpets are of an unstinted depth and texture; the flowers abundant and real, with a gardener to attend them; the beds the deepest and softest ever—O God, what glory to sink into them after the weary escape from the shore and to think of that breakfast that would waken one in the morning . . . bacon, sausages, and sautéed kidneys and eggs, Cooper's Oxford Marmalade and fresh rolls of commensurate integrity.

What I am trying to say really is that the Queens had become not merely institutional but a state of mind. This has made their last battle against vanquishment by the airliner so futile. They could not survive on sentiment. They could not win because they no longer really belong, or indeed represent anything so much as memorials to the Atlantic past, of which they were the supreme achievement: the era of the Blue Riband, when the sea was the only way you could get to the other side and high hulls and lots of funnels and masts provided the necessary assurance for the weaker souls. Confidence in sheer size was so great even with shipowners that when the *Queen Mary* first entered service she lacked the customary handrails for gripping in bad weather. These were hastily added after the company had paid out heavily for injuries suffered by those buffeted on the decks.

The *Mary* was a great roller before she got her stabilizers. Her great height out of the water began working as a sort of pendulum in reverse in even the slightest sea; the *Elizabeth* never seemed as bad. But there was something magnificent even about their movement; I have always felt an indescribable excitement in their initial response to the Atlantic, that huge weight lifting ever so slowly, ponderously upon the first swell, settling with the same dignity, and with a taut conversational creak suddenly distributed throughout the vessel. You felt the weight and size of the ship in that movement; it was quite different from any other. The experience of these ships in a ferocious Atlantic storm is something else: the greatest adventure that the plain man can buy and participate in with equanimity, providing he is a reasonable sailor. My own enduring storm memory is of the main lounge of the *Queen Elizabeth*, one of the biggest public rooms in the world, in tumult but with its focal portrait of the ship's sponsor, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, set with impeccable serenity above it all—her soft royal smile fixed upon the distraught heads and shuddering furniture below.

It will be hard to explain to later generations the peculiar comfort that the sight of these two ships, but particularly the *Queen Mary*, gave to our own generation. We have regarded them with that naïve wonder and pride in man's engineering marvels that we inherited from our Victorian forebears; that is, with that gasping sense of self-congratulation with which we regarded man-made power and domination of the elements. This, the original mechanical philosophy, itself is like some vintage seal upon those of us who are pushing forty or already beyond, because it seems so cruelly anachronistic in this transistorized age with its definitions of ingenuity and invention expressed in terms of the compact and the minute, and for which achievement lies beyond the elemental in the vacuum of space.

I suppose there must be the same contemplative pleasures for the current generation as it gazes up at a space capsule slung from an exhibition-hall roof as I always found sitting on a bollard at Pier 90 and admiring the Queens, doubting the miracle of rivets and plate and their contest with the Atlantic. But, with the bigotry of my time, I fail to credit it.

I can sit for hours relishing not merely the rake of these ships (rake is something rarely possessed by ships these days because funnels and tall masts are implicit in the word and are rarely seen on new ships, so that one fears that this lovely and evocative word, with its associations extending back into sail itself, will become a loss) but every detail and aspect of them—the long march of the promenade deck and its glass windows, the rhythmic flow of the plates and the rows of scuttles, the superb leisurely flare of the bows, the funnels piled high against the sky, the lifeboats receding numberless into the distance, and occasionally the sight of a light flicking on and off at one of the myriad portholes, to hint at life moving obscurely inside that lordly and ostensibly inaccessible hull.

I think I almost enjoyed the ships slack alongside as much as voyaging in them. It was always marvelous to be invited down to one of the Queens for a "port lunch"—one of the fringe benefits I have most appreciated in journalism. One had the ship to oneself and could wander through the great lounge and along those incredible decks (which could have furnished planks for several ships of Nelson's line) and enjoy their immensity in a way not possible at sea—not so much because of the passengers but because even the Queens seem reduced in scale by the Atlantic.

Is it possible for all this to lurch and dip and sway as we have seen, for these soaring columns in the main dining room to careen one's

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senses into misery? The question is inevitable, no matter how often one has sailed in them, no matter at what angle one has seen those decks, because at the dockside it is impossible to believe.

Familiarity has never diminished my impressions of the size of the Queens. They *are* vast; their size comes from sheer height out of the water, and from the maze of their interiors—it takes a good hour merely to visit all the public rooms in either. How can they ever begin to dismantle them? Where will the first blow be struck? One regards the prospect with disbelief, almost as though the dome of St. Paul's were involved.

This is especially true of the *Queen Mary*. She holds a place in public esteem and affection and awe not equaled by any other merchant vessel in history. For a generation as much affected by nostalgic symbols as the present, her passing should be a blow. She was as representative of the thirties as the Empire State Building. She is far more a part of us than her sister Queen has ever managed to be—the *Elizabeth* was completed during the war and crept away from her builder's yards for a secret dash across the Atlantic in March, 1940—because she has been an essential transitional symbol from then to now. All the hullabaloo of the *Mary's* maiden voyage may seem like yesterday to some of us, but when you recall the year, 1936, it does truly seem an epoch ago. Which it is.

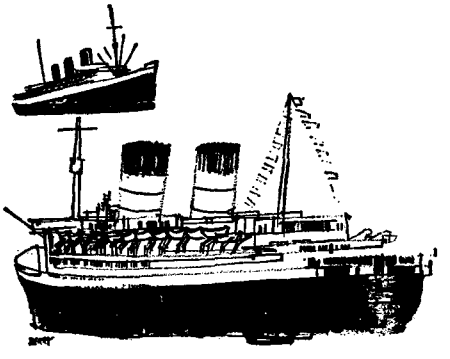
I need only recall my own first sight of her. It was on a hot February day in 1943. An aunt, who lived in a seaward suburb of Cape Town, called me and urgently, mysteriously bade me come to her place at once. In those days we all patriotically heeded the posters that begged us not to talk about ships or shipping, and I immediately had a notion of what it was she refused to discuss on the phone. Clearly something was happening in the harbor that deserved my attention.

As the train brought me in from the southern suburbs and swung along the outskirts of Table Bay, my wildest hopes were confirmed: that enormous, world-renowned silhouette lay like some sudden new island in the center of the bay, attended by innumerable tugs and small craft. The *Queen Mary* lying off? It could not be true!

IT IS HARD to convey not merely the amazement and wonder which accompanied this realization, but the feeling of pride and flattery as well that she should come to Cape Town, so remote from her great business on the North Atlantic. I felt what the whole city did and, so far as I can gather, what the people of Sydney and other far-flung Commonwealth ports also thought when she turned up there during her war duties.

By nightfall I and many thousands of others still sat dense along the shore, watching the traffic between that huge hull and the harbor; people used precious petrol to drive in from far points in the country to see her. The *Mary* was only seven years old then, and an impossible legend: the embodiment even in wartime of all that was admirable in our age.

Ten years and half my lifetime later when I boarded her for the first time in New York harbor, I found



myself trembling from all the recovered amazement and speculation of that day. It was probably the last really childlike moment of my life. I walked around the decks and through her halls and thought: This is what was all hidden from me that day, this is what one was sick with curiosity to see. And I felt that I'd crossed a divide, bridged some great distance in my life. I was disappointed, of course; none of it was as Babylonian as I'd imagined, yet more important by far was the fact that I myself was actually inside the legend itself, aboard the *Queen Mary*. This was my first McLuhanistic surrender; the medium was far greater than the message.

Why was the *Mary* always more popular than the *Lizzie*? This was true for crew as well as passengers. Cunard masters invariably disliked the transfer from her to the slightly newer and larger *Elizabeth* when they were appointed commodore—the *Elizabeth* at eighty-three thousand tons gross is about two thousand tons more than the *Mary* and is slightly longer and, once you know the ships, perceptibly bigger. Stewards and deckhands also preferred the *Mary*, which through her life has maintained a reputation as a happy ship. The *Mary* offshore or passing another vessel at sea always generates far more excitement that the *Elizabeth*. Winston Churchill had a special affection for her and always made his wartime crossings in her when he could.

The *Mary* has a distinctive character and atmosphere, whereas the *Elizabeth* has always struck me as being merely a great and relatively impersonal hotel. There is that fact that for so many of us the *Mary* remains a memory of the thirties, one of the few things that haven't changed, but undoubtedly much of her distinction and reputation owes to the war.

THE *Elizabeth* saw almost exactly the same service as the *Mary*, but attention invariably was on the latter. While the loss of either of these ships would have ranked as a major Allied defeat, that of the *Mary* would have been an immense psychological blow as well.

The ships represented every U-boat commander's dream of glory, and Hitler himself took great interest in the possibility of an encounter that would send either of them to the bottom. But the *Mary* was the one they really were after; she was so well known that the Germans for their part would have seen her sinking as a great victory—throughout the world the public generally was ignorant of the fact that the *Mary* had acquired a larger sister during the first months of the war. The *Mary* was in fact sighted at least once by a U-boat, but the hopes of its crew hadn't a chance of being realized because of her speed.

It is generally accepted that the

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Queens helped shorten the war through their massive job in ferrying American and Canadian soldiers to Europe, though by exactly how much remains speculative. There are good authorities who estimate that it was by as much as a year. Furthermore, American G.I.s got home a lot earlier and were demobilized sooner because of the rapid lift by the Queens.

THE QUEENS each carried almost a division, voyaging with fifteen thousand men aboard at a time, shuttling to and fro on virtually their peacetime schedule: the two greatest transports in history. Their transatlantic activity remains one of the marvels of wartime organization, a fascinating episode in itself. The embarkation and disembarkation alone were remarkable, the former accomplished in twelve hours, usually between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M., so that the ship could get away on the morning tide.

A replica of the Queens' side was used in the transit camps to train the troops in embarkation procedures; on those incredible voyages the men slept and ate in shifts, each bunk serving several soldiers in rotation. The cooking problem involved in serving the thousands of breakfast eggs required was solved by loading them into garbage cans and spraying them with steam from the boiler.

Once beyond Ambrose Light, the Queens were on their own. They usually traveled alone, though escorts were provided in doubtful areas. At twenty-eight knots, their wartime average, they could outstrip anything the enemy had afloat. They kept racing, no matter what, because seventeen thousand men (counting crew) represented a loss that could not be contemplated. Had they gone down with that colossal troopload on board, there would have been few survivors—there certainly not being sufficient lifesaving gear aboard to cope with anything but a small fraction of the total. On one tragic occasion the *Mary* had picked up an escort and one of them, a cruiser, miscalculated course and was cut in half by the huge ship. The *Mary's* master had no alternative but to give the bitter order to keep going, and thousands of soldiers watched several hundred British sailors drown in the liner's mighty wake.

As I was coming up Southampton Water in 1947 in a troopship that retained her wartime gray, passing a mass of liners similarly clad, the ship took a perceptible list to starboard as everyone crowded the rails to see the *Mary* resplendent in peacetime colors edging into her berth for her first commercial sailing since 1939. We all felt then that the dismal business really *was* over. It was a good solid feeling, like the Queen herself.

Cunard has said that it won't allow these ships to be degraded; that is, sold for any purpose that could cost them their dignity. The French Line has never forgotten or forgiven the fate of the *Ile de France*, which, after being sold to Japanese shipbreakers, was leased in turn by them to a movie company that partially sank her off the Japanese coast for a disaster film.

In one way it would be nice to think of the Queens sailing on, for whatever flag; but one knows at the same time that one will never concede them any other name or association but the one they stand for, so perhaps it is better if they retire to some Scottish yard for dismantling there in the very mists in which they were born.

Strange Fare

HELEN HUDSON

MAREK had been driving around for hours in the middle of the night with the rain coming down and the streets running red under the traffic lights and that bundle on the back seat that nobody wanted.

"Take him away," the cop at the station had said, peering under the lid of a hot pastrami sandwich. "We don't want him." As though a big dumb cop shaped like a double boiler and ready to blow his top could sit in a precinct station in the middle of the night, lifting covers and choosing what he did or didn't want.

"It's not a blue plate," Marek said. "It's a man."

"A stiff, you said, didn't you? So what do you want me to do? Grill him? Book him? Lock him up? Play chess with him maybe?" The policeman put the cover gently back on his sandwich. "Take him to the morgue."

At the morgue the night watchman, clamped to a long cigar, shook his head sadly. He was a sleepy little man, buttoned lopsidedly into a huge overcoat with a layer of ashes on his chest and a heap of thick gray hair. "You don't want to leave him here," he said mournfully. "Not at this time of night. He's got identification on him; you can take him home. You don't want to dump a man like a bag of coal. Take him home, son. Take him home. No respect," he mumbled as he turned to go. "Not even for the dead. Nothing but running around and twisting and rocking and rolling. No time for respect. Even for the dead."

SO NOW Marek was right back where he had been three hours ago, driving through Long Island to the address his fare had given him in the first place, when he was still sitting up straight with his head where it belonged and perfectly still on the end of his neck; driving out along the Bay where the land lay dark and flat beneath the night, except for the narrow, arched spines of the bridges, with a network of rain closing him in and a stiff in the back, his head rolling around on the seat like a man saying "No" over and over, as though he didn't realize that no one would ever ask him anything again; driving across the Island with the meter hopping like mad and Marek wondering just exactly what in hell the fare would be from this world to the next—and knowing all the time that no one would ever pay.

There were too many times when

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no one ever paid—except Marek himself, pulling still another coin out of his pocket for something he didn't want. He paid to get the beggar's voice out of his ear and the drunk's breath out of his face, and often he found himself buying newspapers and pencils and poppies just to clear his own path. He was aware that his very loathing made him appear charitable.

He had paid for his father's plot in the cemetery just to quiet his mother, who had kept her blank white face turned on him like a frosted light bulb, pleading constantly: "Please. So he can rest in peace. Like everybody else. He didn't mean it. Nobody in his right mind would want to be a spoonful of dust in one of those hideous jars." She was a tiny woman, always in a hurry with her small hands wringing out the minutes and her little nose poised for flight. She was forever "saving" time, like bits of string, so that her potatoes were always too tough and her Jell-O too soft and her kisses often went wide. It was hard to see what she was saving all that time for unless it was to lace into her family or lie in the bathtub—long enough to scrub every inch of herself with a toothbrush. Marek had watched her hurry his father through his meals and out the door and into his grave.

His father had been slow and silent and often forgotten, except as an obstacle. When he was home he sat in the middle of the living room with his cello between his knees and a cigarette between his lips, blocking their way. Until he was dispatched at last, one rainy December night at the height of the Christmas rush like a last-minute package. They found him slumped on the couch in his overcoat with his wet shoes on the cushions and a cigarette burning the rug. His wife had rushed around frantically, unable to decide whether to attend to the rug or call the doctor. As it turned out, it didn't really matter. His cello was shut up in its case and his chair was pushed back against the wall, leaving the path to the front door completely clear.

Marek never went to his father's grave because he knew his father wasn't there. Only his mother's flowers and the white headstone stuck up like a place card with his father's name on it. But his mother went there on warm Sundays with her new husband, as though to introduce them to each other; as though death were just another parlor on her round of visits.

Marek had paid for his sister's divorce and his brother's course at the National Institute of Hair and Beauty Culture. And when he had finished paying they disappeared: his brother into the Navy and his sister to Pasadena, with a man who manufactured "lounge" clothes. And now Marek was paying for something else he didn't want, something that, this time, would not disappear. He thought of Saturday night in Manhattan with the short-trip fares screaming and giggling and scat-

tering cigarette ashes between the Latin Quarter and Times Square. And he thought of the man in the back with his head on the cold seat.

MAREK was pale and thin with neat habits and an untidy appearance, as if his body were a mere fence for the secret life behind it. His nails were bitten to the quick and the zipper of his jacket was always stuck so that half of his chest was forever exposed. He had a good deal of dust-colored hair that grew long and thick around his face like ivy around a window, out of which he stared with the fixed gaze of a man not seeing what was before him at all but listening, instead, to the sounds in the room behind. He lived all alone on the fifth floor of a narrow, gray-faced rooming house with a high peaked roof like a miter and a landlady who raised one finger like a warning when they met. Every Saturday night he brought home a six-pack carton of beer and a bag of groceries, and every Sunday morning he burned his trash in the incinerator behind the house. His room was tidy and bare with one of everything—except books: one bed, one chair, one fork, one cup. The books were arranged carefully according to size like schoolchildren lined up for recess. But he never took them out of the room. He read them in order, one after the other, and when he was finished, he began over again. His father had said they were the greatest books ever written and Marek felt no need for any others. As soon as he stopped reading for the night, he returned the book to its place on the shelf, filling the gap. His books faced the world with closed ranks. In one corner of the room there was an old cello case leaning against the wall.

But most of the time he lived in the cab. He kept an extra pack of cigarettes, a box of Kleenex, and a Russian grammar in the glove compartment and a Thermos of hot coffee on the seat. Whenever he wasn't busy, he lit a cigarette and opened the grammar. His father had come from Russia and he used to say it was a good country and not to believe everything the American papers printed about it. Marek was learning Russian so he could find out for himself. And every day, when he finished work, he emptied the ashtrays and swept out the back and wiped off the windows and the seats, as if to remove all trace of his passengers.

He liked driving a cab because it was the only job he knew where you could think your own thoughts and keep your back to the customers. He made a point of not seeing their faces when they got in, and he thought of his fares as a dribble of fur or a bullying overcoat or a God-damn prissy little attaché case. He never spoke and as soon as they had given the address, he

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had his contempt all ready, rolled up like little plugs to stop his ears. Since he could not choose his passengers, he chose to ignore them. He picked them up and put them down as fast as possible. It pleased him to think how helpless they were, bouncing around on the back seat, passing judgments on the world and blowing smoke at his neck. He could have driven them into the East River.

But though he loved his cab, he hated the daytime face of the city: the crazy old women who walked alone, talking and wobbling their hats; the old men with their eyes half drowned, clinging to a bench or a table in the Automat; the people who would never ride his cab. One morning in front of Bellevue he watched a policeman turn a frozen man over with his foot. And once he saw a gang of toughs driving a Negro boy down an alley with his ankles hobbled. "Whatsa matter?" they shouted, prodding him with sticks and lead bars. "You ain't advancing very far. You want us to call the Association for Advancement of Niggers?" Marek called a cop. The next week he switched to the night shift.

Every night he drove through the city where the streets ran dark and empty and the buildings, lined up like ships, rode out the hours silently. He liked the deserted streets with the traffic lights changing color just for him and the charwomen all lit up inside Manufacturers Trust, and the manikins offering smiles and Cruise Clothes to the bum with his cheek against The Tailored Woman. And often, driving some shrill couple from El Morocco to the Copa, he was aware of the moon behind the skyscrapers like a prisoner behind bars.

Now, making the wide turn into the Parkway, he realized that he had not had a sip of coffee or a cigarette or even a glance at a Russian declension for hours and—except for the meter talking to itself—it had been absolutely silent inside his cab; silent but not empty, though nobody would acknowledge it. Twice he had been stopped by cops for having no light and no fare showing. And when, in disgust, he had turned the meter off, outraged citizens cursed him for not stopping and shook their wet fists. In the end, he had turned the meter on again. He was not "free," damn them. More than ever, he felt cut off from them—the thoughtless, vertical people he saw from the window of his cab, walking about, commanding the streets and the shops, dictating to him with just one finger, the careless people for whom a dead man was merely an intruder occupying precious space.

And now, shut up inside the darkness with his strange fare, driving through that low, flat land that lay like a detached arm beside the mainland, he felt wholly isolated, as though he were wandering in alien territory where the dead waited and a dry rain fell. He had the feeling that it would go on forever, the darkness and the long road and the meter all lit up, nodding and clacking like an old woman at a wake, and that bundle behind

But If We Should

If we meet again—
And it is not likely,
Thought flung across a continent
Being a frail skein with no
Magnetic powers, and the burden
Of years cumbersome as a sack
Of pumpkins—
But if we should,
Let there be speech. Let there be
Speech such as we would have spoken
Then (though we were scarcely more
Than children), had the future with
Its words deep-plated with experience,
Polished with use, shaped against
The stone of living, been ours
To command, to bring into play
Not magically, but with the rightness
Of birds rising out of the mist
Of a midwestern morning.

Let there be
Speech like that.

And let there be ceremony,
An acknowledgment of time as a gift,
Person to person, no matter when
Given. Nothing casual: the ritual
Of manners is not enough. Let there
Be in the stiffness of meeting again,
In the reappraisal, that old delight
At the back of the eyes. Recognition.
A kind of applause. So that those
Sun-up years, too delicate to handle,
May yet envelop us as a faint fragrance—
Apple? blue grass?—proving nothing
Is ever quite lost.

Let there be
Something like that.

—Helen Sorrells

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him that was, and was not, a man. Death had settled itself on his back seat and he would never get it out. They would go round and round the huge belt of parkways until the spines of the bridges snapped and the Island slithered back into the sea.

He sat up stiffly, holding onto the wheel as if to keep from slipping, prodding himself continuously with the sharp end of the same question: "Why *me*? Why *my* cab?" Why should an old man on a rainy night choose to go from one world to another in *his* cab? Yet he should have known there was something funny about that fare right from the beginning. The way the old man hailed him, raising not one finger but two, like a benediction; the way he stood on the corner with his white head lifted up to all that rain as if it were his own private shower. He had given the address in a low voice, slow and a little heavy with some kind of accent as though the words had tails tied to them.

"That's way the hell out the other end of the Island," Marek had said. "I've never even been out that far."

"Please. I can direct you."

"Know what it'll cost?"

"I know." There was a slight pause, and then, as though he were seeking for more than he deserved: "It is very far, I know, on such a bad night. But you will take me, please?" That was all—those were the last words he ever said. *"You will take me, please?"* And Marek had taken him. But where? When they reached the Bronx Whitestone Bridge, he was dead.

"Whatsamatter with him?" the cop at the toll booth had said.

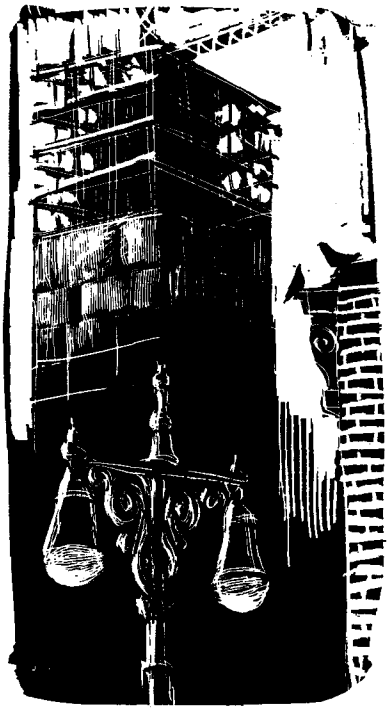
Marek turned, then switched on the ceiling light. He saw the thick white hair flattened down by the rain and the wet feet flopped over on their sides making a damp spot on the floor. "Drunk maybe," Marek said. But he knew it wasn't liquor that had laid the old man out like that with half of him on the seat and half on the floor and his eyes staring up.

"Cripes," the policeman said. He jumped into the cab for a moment and came out with his tight young rookie's face all unfurled. "Cripes!" he said again. "Get him outa here."

"What am I supposed to do with him?" Marek said. "Waltz him around at the Waldorf?"

"Take him back to the precinct station." He gestured vaguely toward a jumble of lights and darkness and gray, long-necked buildings. "And get moving. You're blocking traffic."

"Jesus!" Marek wanted to laugh out loud remembering that cop, remembering how he had put his big fat foot inside the cab, ready to bring it down hard on whatever he found there; and how he had stopped, bent over like a man with a sudden cramp, at what he saw. Because there it was, face up, eyes staring, waiting for him—something he hadn't expected on a Saturday night at one end of the Bronx



Whitestone Bridge; something that could stop traffic any time it wanted to and didn't have to take orders from any flat-nosed cop.

"Jesus, that was beautiful," Marek started to say out loud. "You should have seen his face." He remembered soon enough, but he realized with surprise that he wanted, for the first time, to say something to a fare.

The rain stopped suddenly and a little slice of moon, curved like a canoe, came out and sat upon the darkness at his left. There were very few cars on the Parkway now and inside the cab only the meter moved, marking the time and the distance, reminding Marek that he had no idea where he was going, reminding him that his passenger had already arrived.

He began to wonder what he would find at the other end, if he ever got there. The widow, probably, with her blank white face turned up at him, crying and wringing her hands and secretly deploring his muddy feet. He remembered his mother when his father died, drying her tears with face powder and the sense of her own wrongs. "He was a good man, really," she had said, patting her flighty nose. "But I was only sixteen. And now a widow at forty-five." She looked up over her grief, taking her time at last. "But I'd do it again, Mr. Simpson. I would. Irregardless. Even though he was seventeen years older and on a salt-free diet. Even though I had to sit home every night—a young girl—while he played for someone else to dance. God, how I hated that cello."

Marek could see it still, standing by itself in the corner, shut up forever now. It would never be carried through the streets again or taken out again and set, like a favored child, between its owner's knees. For none of the children had learned to play. "Definitely not," his mother had said. "There's no time. They've got school and jobs and I must say I do think someone could take me to the movies once in a while or play canasta or help with the dishes. It's bad enough your father does nothing but practice all the time." And so the children just stood there, grown up by then, though not quite sure just what they had grown into, but with the uncomfortable feeling that it wasn't much. Not as much, anyway, as the old man on the couch, looking strangely formal now with his white hair all slick from the rain and his right arm across his chest.

Marek slowed down to make the turn off the Parkway. From now on the way was all strange and every road would have a tricky ending like an irregular Russian verb. If

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THE REPORTER

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only the man on the back seat could direct him as he had promised. Marek remembered his slow speech with the words dragging their tails. They might even have spoken Russian together.

He made another turn and now the little canoe of a moon floated straight ahead of him, calm and steady on the smooth, black surface of the sky. It would be going down soon, hauling in the night and whatever lay caught in its fine, firm weave.

Looking at the moon making its silent, prescribed journey, Marek began to wonder again, but the wonder was without anger now, or sharpness; merely gentle and a little sad, and soft with mystery. Why him? Why his cab? What had the old man meant, choosing *his* cab for the most important trip of his life? Why, with all the taxis in the city, had he, when the time came, raised two fingers to Marek to take him where he had to go? And would he feel, now, that he had made a terrible mistake? It had not been, for either of them, a comfortable ride.

SLOWLY, Marek pulled over to the curb and parked. Then, climbing into the back, he lifted the dead man gently and laid him down carefully with his legs straight and his arms at his sides. On his knees beside the seat, Marek smoothed the skirts of the overcoat. He found a pack of cigarettes on the floor and put them back into the dead man's pocket. He paused for a moment, then took a book of matches from his pocket and slipped them in too. Finally he lifted the dead man's right arm and laid it across his chest. Then he got back behind the wheel.

He sat there for a moment holding his breath and heard a faint wind stirring the edges of the Island. As he listened, it seemed to him that he could hear all the silent night sounds of the city: the padded paws of a stray dog on the sidewalk, a light going out, a sheet pulled up, a mouth closing. And far above, the dark sky lapping against the moon. He took a deep breath and started the cab, slowly, gently, so as not to disturb the passenger on the back seat.

BOOKS

Moynihan Revisited

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE MOYNIHAN REPORT AND THE POLITICS OF CONTROVERSY, by Lee Rainwater and William L. Yancey. *M.I.T. $12.50. Paperback $3.95.*

The informed reader, remembering the acrimony of the 1965 controversy over the so-called "Moynihan Report" and noting that much water has since passed under the bridge, may say he doesn't want to hear any more about it. But this volume by two sociologists, full of the relevant documents (including the report itself and many newspaper and magazine articles) as well as facts, does prove interesting and valuable.

From reading the book I concluded that much of the cause of the controversy rested with defects in the original report itself. This is a different position from the one held by the authors of this book, and is the opposite of the opinion I had held myself before I read it. I knew that Moynihan had been most unfairly attacked by some irresponsible militants as a kind of subtle racist; that there is a kind of naïve civil-rightser who would resent discussion of the figures on illegitimacy among Negroes (Moynihan's paper summarizes that); that the data upon which Moynihan relied were already well established among social scientists; and that Moynihan himself is a respected political thinker and public servant. Therefore I had rather assumed that the bitter attacks on his report in the civil-rights fraternity were another sad example of the way, in the heat of controversy when stereotypes are quickly formed and lines quickly drawn, that liberals can be quite illiberal and radical proponents of justice quite unjust.

But though that kind of thing accounts for the nastily personal attacks on Moynihan himself, it doesn't explain the substance of the controversy. Looking at the report in this volume and then at the articles about it, one sees that the original document itself was vulnerable. It had the wrong theme, title, and conclusion, though the larger frame of reference was right. That mixture is what made it provocative, and makes the controversy worth revisiting.

IN SAYING that the larger frame of reference was right, I mean that Moynihan's document assumed that the oppression of Negroes lies not only in the external barrier of to-

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day's discriminations but also in the accumulated human effects of a long history of systematic maltreatment. He dramatized the distance—perhaps a widening distance, despite anti-discrimination laws—between whites and Negroes, and between a rapidly advancing Negro middle class and the mass of poor Negroes who may not be advancing at all. On the larger point, Moynihan and the best of his commentators were in agreement: that legal "equality" through anti-discrimination laws is not enough, and that government must take action by social and economic measures to correct the long-term impact of discrimination. Moynihan's document brought this point, a commonplace in recent civil-rights literature, up into the explicit formulations of the highest levels of government. It was given effective expression in the President's remarkable speech at Howard University in June of 1965, which Moynihan helped draft and which was largely based upon his report.

But the Moynihan document itself did not have the breadth, balance, and effectiveness of the Presidential speech that was built upon it. The report was called *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action,* and each of the first three words suggested an argument:

The Negro family. Some felt the paper might impute broken-downness to *all* Negro families, although of course Moynihan did take note of the others in the body of the paper.

The *Negro* family. The paper set off a "you're another" argument in comparative morals, about abortion rates among suburban whites and so on.

The Negro *family*. Big Brother wants you to be patriarchal and monogamous?

The paper, as everyone must know by now, argued that "At the heart of the deterioration of the fabric of Negro society is the deterioration of the Negro family." It ended not with specific policy proposals (if Moynihan had specified the programs he favored, he would have cut down the resistance) but with a generalized bugle call for "national action" "to have the effect, directly or indirectly, of enhancing the stability and resources of the Negro American family." This led to many attacks and misinterpretations, especially when the report became public in the aftermath of the Watts riots.

THE WRITERS of this book, who are complete Moynihan partisans, do not believe, as I now do, that the way his report approached its subject—with an emphasis on government action to counteract "Negro family breakdown"—invited these misconstructions. They argue that it was a document for internal use only, and that it should have been rewritten (by "the administration") before being released to the public. They criticize the Johnson administration, toward which they exhibit a systematic and at times rather snide antagonism; the distortions of the press; and the bureaucrats of the permanent government. They write off objections to Moynihan's paper from this last quarter as being concerned merely with protecting the vested interest of the (inevitably this word) "establishment" in the various departments—the "welfare establishment" especially.

But can we realistically expect as much of the Federal government as they do, and at the same time be as disdainful as they are of its permanent employees?

It is one thing for E. Franklin Frazier, as a sociologist, to write about unstable, matriarchal Negro families, or for Stanley Elkin, as a historian, to describe a "Sambo" personality produced by slavery in the Negro male. It is something else again for a governmental memorandum to take over these points as the focus of national policy.

A liberal has enough trouble with conservatives, with popular American anti-governmental folklore, and now with the New Left, without having to fight off the idea that he wants government to intervene directly in family life. One can understand the wariness about the report in terms of what the government was going to *do* about the matriarchal and "deteriorating" Negro family structure. Christopher Jencks made a clarifying point on this matter in a short article that is reprinted in this book. Answering suspicions that the Moynihanians want to use the power of government to impose "middle class" family patterns on poor Negroes, he wrote: ". . . It is difficult to discuss the subject intelligently (or morally) without knowing whether the families in question are matriarchal by necessity or by choice. If they are . . . by choice . . . then it is hardly the federal government's proper business.... But there is little evidence to suggest that lower-class Negroes really prefer matriarchal families. On the contrary, there is considerable reason to suppose that they eagerly adopt the more patriarchal middle-class norm whenever they can. In that case, the government surely ought to help them do so. . . ." Governmental action on the family, in other words, should be aimed at widening choices, not narrowing them. It is intended to be liberating, not manipulative; to provide possibilities now denied by brutal social circumstances, not to force life into prescribed patterns.

And it is properly indirect. Though the desired public programs in employment, schooling, job training, and housing have large effects on family life, they have them at a second remove.

MOYNIHAN'S main theoretical phrase, "equality of results," passed by acceptably enough in the swift blur of the President's Howard speech, but it had a more dubious aspect in Moynihan's longer presentation.

There it seemed to mean that parity of actual achievement as among ethnic groups should be the conscious

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object of policy. "It is increasingly demanded that the distribution of success and failure within one group be roughly comparable to that within other groups," Moynihan wrote. "It is not enough that all individuals start out on even terms, if members of one group almost invariably end up well to the fore, and those of another far to the rear." I disagree. I suggest that it certainly *would* be "enough" if all individuals "started" on something like "even terms." One objects to the way members of groups "end up" only because, when dealing with large numbers, gross differences indicate that they really *don't* "start" on even terms. The enormous disparities in the outcome of white and Negro life show by inference the disparities in original circumstances.

What this "next and more profound stage," as the President called it, represents is not a new kind of equality but a deeper understanding of the restrictions on the old equality—the accumulated and environmental restrictions on what I think we still can call by the American slogan "equality of opportunity."

But surely we don't want to have the terrible principle of the balanced ticket spread everywhere throughout the nation's life. Moynihan makes me uneasy when he adds with apparent approval after the sentences I quoted above, "This is what ethnic politics are all about in America." There are two objections to fitting the new stage in Negro rights into the frame of the old ethnic politics of American cities. First, mistreatment of the Negro American differs from that accorded white minority groups not just in degree but in kind, because of racism, slavery, and legal segregation; and second, so-called ethnic politics is now a menace to the commonweal. One hopes for the day when it is dead.

Our American hearts still swell when the orator reaches that high moment in which he includes in the great democratic embrace *all* Americans, "without regard to. . . ." Is that bad? In some circumstances it is naïve; in some it is worse than naïve, a rationalization for inaction, the racial equivalent of majestically allowing rich and poor alike to sleep under railroad bridges. Nevertheless this inclusiveness of ours is one of our more desirable popular values, and it often also reflects prudence in practical politics. I think the presumption should be in its favor; exceptions should bear the burden of proof.

Are there reasons for public policy to single out Negroes? Yes, where combating a distinct present-day race-related evil. But the racial discrimination in this new stage of things has many of its evil effects through the intermediary of the slums and poverty which also affect non-Negroes. Income is a more significant correlate of family disorganization, according to papers in this book, than is race.

The governmental actions that can help the Negro family help other families, too; programs in this "next and more profound stage," as distinguished from the other stages of the Negro rights movement, apply also to non-Negroes. Nothing in the President's phrases at Howard about how "men are shaped by their world" applies exclusively to Negroes.

There has been a reversal—quite necessary, but one hopes not permanent—in the roles of individualism and of group interpretations in the discussion of civil rights. In the old days of "race relations," it was the bigot who thought in group terms, about "the Negro" this and "the Negro" that, and it was the man of enlightenment—naïvely, no doubt, from our present point of view—who resisted such a group interpretation and said we must "treat each man as an individual." Now, with the changes of the years—partly progress, partly not—it is the Louise Day Hickeses who resist taking color into account, who speak of *all* children individually and without respect to race; it is the progressive proponents of Negro rights who make group interpretations, who insist that the society and government cannot be color-blind, that they must take race and color into account in order to overcome the disabilities that accompany them (for example, in de facto segregation of schools and neighborhoods). Counting Negroes is now a necessity. But one doesn't want to see this temporary expedient unnecessarily expanded, or written into the permanent categories of the nation.

To Strive, to Seek, to Find

ROBERT SKLAR

WILLIAM JAMES, A BIOGRAPHY, by Gay Wilson Allen. *Viking. $10.*

It has always been impossible to think of William James without speculating on his greatness. If his brother Henry became a great novelist and his friend Charles Sanders Peirce a great philosopher, both men planned for greatness and paid for it—Henry by concentration and self-denial and by life abroad, Peirce by poverty and loneliness and a kind of inner emigration. William wanted greatness, too, but not outside the bounds of a normal American life, a life of family comfort, career success, and popular acclaim. The question of William James becomes the question whether in him, or in anyone, intellectual greatness and a normal American life can ever meet.

His intellectual style, despite his cosmopolitan experience, was incorrigibly, even archetypically, American—the intellectual restlessness, the truculent discomfort among narrow specialists, the modest deference to his inferiors, the excess of morality in place of logic, the effort to be widely understood. And above all, a remarkable, admirable, yet almost compulsive versatility. In an early lecture on "Great Men and Their Environment," James warned his Harvard audience that it was "a necessity laid upon us as human beings to limit our view." A captain in a naval battle, he said, shouldn't think about the moldy biscuits in the storeroom. But he rarely fought his intellectual battles by his own advice.

James bought a summer house in New Hampshire with fourteen doors all opening outside, and his sister

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 174

by HENRY ALLEN

A 206 133 164 55 155 220 U.S. economist.

B 99 201 181 89 208 "But any man that walks the mead, /_____ or blade, or bloom, may find / ... A meaning suited to his mind." Tennyson, "The Day-dream." (2,3).

C 180 29 75 2 52 194 111 One of the scenes of activity of the Acrostician (2,5).

D 141 16 115 127 192 199 108 41 215 4 176 73 101 Area removed from the center of things (9,4).

E 25 204 106 157 There is not one for Sartre.

F 118 190 87 6 22 82 Kind of dancer.

G 91 167 43 8 69 11 178 120 96 Vehicle affected by the playboy type (6,3).

H 34 218 211 38 153 57 32 174 125 48 197 Kind of motion most important in fencing and in fly-casting (3,3,5).

I 62 27 13 213 224 185 137 151 59 Kind of notch for string found in expensive arrows rather than a "V." (5,4).

J 20 15 85 71 139 45 188 Of a hue toward the low end of the spectrum.

K 144 183 93 64 210 50 "I, my Lords, ____ the law." Gilbert, "Iolanthe".

L 36 130 171 162 Thin slat of wood.

M 46 222 18 135 169 Execute without authority of the law.

Solution to Puzzle 173

S	C	R	U	B	S	■	O	V	E	R	C	O	M	E
P	■	E	■	L	■	D	■	E	■	U	■	R	■	G
I	N	P	L	A	C	E	■	S	A	T	R	A	P	Y
D	■	O	■	C	■	A	P	■	H	■	T	■	P	■
E	A	S	T	K	A	N	S	A	S	■	P	I	C	T
R	■	E	■	S	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	O	■	■
W	O	R	S	H	I	P	■	I	N	T	E	N	S	E
E	■	■	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	■	■	N
B	L	A	M	E	M	E	■	N	U	M	E	R	A	L
■	■	N	■	P	■	C	■	■	■	W	■	A	■	I
G	R	A	B	■	S	L	O	W	S	I	N	F	O	G
A	■	L	■	S	■	U	■	A	■	N	■	F	■	H
F	L	I	R	T	E	D	■	M	U	D	F	L	A	T
F	■	B	■	Y	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	E
S	T	I	P	E	N	D	S	■	P	R	I	S	O	N

Acrostician:
GAMAL ABDEL NASSER

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

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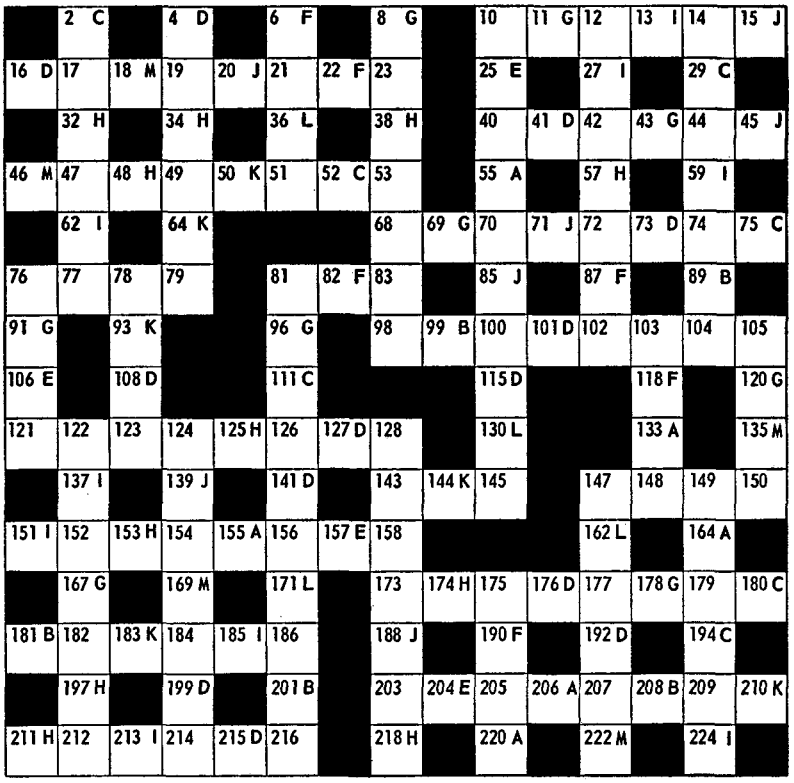

ACROSS

10. How Londoners get around and buy toothpaste (2,4).
16. The kind of bridge that may shrink.
40. Whitman's favorite flowers?
46. Twelvemonth gone or a plea for it to linger? (4,4).
68. See 147 across.
76. Smelly river?
81. Followed by 143 across, one bailiwick of the Acrostician (3,3).
98. Wild speech of instruction to Druids to use woad on a whole settlement?
121. Proper for a pair of men, illegal for one (3,5).
143. See 81 across.
147. Followed by 68 across, command to clearner, perhaps, or to shadow short tea (4,3,5).
151. A piece of music once in court? You go.
173. Will a pair clot? Yes, in a hot area.
181. A 173 across island home of cherubim in Italy.
203. Stretched and formerly cared for.
211. Hand me a cane—it's a threat.

DOWN

2. Do cod war for Noel?
4. Roast tea on the still part of a motor.
6. With 76 down, what Hamlet's father's speech is about his murder (4,2,2).
8. Began to give Ted the lead.
10. What the mice wanted to be able to say they had done to make pussy musical (6,1,3).
12. We did this to 121 across, perhaps, on the old tour (4,3).
14. The masseur's job with the back bar (4,3).
76. See 6 down.
78. This river may turn into a bore.
81. Avert inert Italian marble.
103. An Indian descended from Cain?
105. Everyone may ache.
122. Is toil woe? Not with this material (trade name).
124. City for a first-class witch.
128. Asphyxiate when mom's last.
147. Conversation for the horsey set?
149. Climbed or did musical exercises?
175. Toast without tea for cereal.

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Alice wrote in her diary: "His brain isn't limited to fourteen, perhaps unfortunately." His first door on the world was painting, and as a youth he studied for a time in the Newport studio of William Morris Hunt. Giving that up when the Civil War broke out, he took chemistry courses at Harvard and later enrolled in the medical school. At his final oral examination, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., was one of the examiners, and he asked James a question about an obscure part of the anatomy. When James answered correctly, Holmes said, "If you know *that*, you know everything; now tell me about your family and the news at home." The M.D. was James's only earned degree, and he never practiced medicine.

He was past thirty when he held his first job, as instructor at Harvard in comparative anatomy and physiology, a post offered him by his old chemistry teacher, Charles William Eliot, the new president of Harvard. Thereafter he found Harvard flexible and understanding enough for his teaching to follow the path his mind took, from physiology to psychology to philosophy. Like Heraclitus, he never stepped twice in the same river; and even though his work in psychology and religion presaged our present-day revival of mysticism, for him it was the becoming that mattered, not the being. When Harvard was to award him an honorary degree, he feared it would cite him as a psychologist, the field of his major scholarship, rather than as a philosopher, the field he had newly entered. He need not have worried.

But worry, or something worse, was inevitable for William James. From early youth he suffered from nervous depression, insomnia, eye trouble, and other debilitating ailments lumped under the general diagnosis of neurasthenia. His nervous troubles help explain his desire for a normal life. Perhaps by the time he was thirty he felt he had suffered enough pain for an intellectual lifetime, or that the road to greatness lay only through an effort at normality; any calculated idiosyncrasy could tip the natural balance into permanent sickness and debility.

The nervous difficulties did not often abate during his life but the bounds of normality were carefully observed, and the tension between the psychic pull and the social need helped to create James's distinctive character, at once ethereal and earthy, so striking to his contemporaries. A primitive was caged somewhere within the dark tweeds, a natural force controlled by the stock gestures of the lecture platform and the accepted forms of scholarly discourse. It provided him with a third eye, the possibility of living intensely within his culture yet observing it from outside. He was not quite a relativist toward the values of his own culture, but he was always a relativist—more precisely, a pluralist—in his view of mankind and of the cosmos.

Surely his own sickness contributed to his remarkable open-mindedness in an age of scientific and social dogmas. He took a benign if not a favorable view of mediums, faith healers, mind curers, and other offbeat religious phenomena of the time. "He wished the intellectual cripples and the moral hunchbacks not be jeered at," Santayana said of him; "perhaps they might turn out to be the heroes of the play."

If James could not manage to limit his own view, his biographer, confronted with such breadth, has accepted James's admonition as a necessary principle. Mr. Allen has written an immensely interesting and readable biography by focusing almost exclusively on James's family life. The household presided over by his spiritual, possessive, haphazard father, author of more than a dozen impenetrable books, produced far more than one family's share of intellectual genius and psychic pain. Henry the novelist had his own psychosomatic difficulties, and their sister Alice, who may have been as brilliant as her brothers, was bedridden most of her life with neurasthenic disorders. The younger brothers, Wilky and Robertson, suffered from more conventional, if not less painful, troubles: war injuries, business failures, marital conflict, drinking. The family's logistics of life and death make a book in itself, and this is largely the book Mr. Allen has written.

He is spare with explanations. Discreetly he suggests that the neurasthenic symptoms may have had sexual inhibitions as their source, but he does not attempt by Freudian or any other means to determine the origins of such extraordinary personal and intellectual intensities. Allen does often stress James's insistence that philosophy is the product of a philosopher's tastes and dispositions, and he takes pains to show how James's thought grows out of his mental and spiritual dilemmas. It was at the time of his own nervous breakdown, in his middle twenties, that James began to work on the relation of mind to body in physiology and psychology, and it was as an outgrowth of his agnosticism that James worked out the pragmatic and pluralistic speculations of his later years. Allen rarely goes beyond a few brief and bare statements about James's ideas.

For all the pleasure in reading his biography, then, one is hard put to find the whole of William James in it. The normal American life is there, the life of family pleasures and pains, of travel and career; but James lived principally a life of the mind. If a man spends his days writing and reading, all the while troubled by a hacking cough, headaches, and backache, is it more important to know the progress of his symptoms or the progress of his work? The reader of *William James* is surprised to learn from time to time that its bland, slightly baffled, and sickly subject was regarded as a giant by his contemporaries: thousands went to hear him lecture, professional colleagues revered him, followed and debated his work.

As a literary scholar, Allen has nothing to say about James's unusual prose style, with its pithy metaphors and homely examples, clear and simple for the popular audience James wanted to reach, yet full of subtlety for the wary. It may be that in the end James's greatness lies not in his ultimate standing as a psychologist or philosopher but in his role as an American literary and public figure, an Emerson for our secular and scientific age, a searcher for knowledge who always valued life above mere intellect.

"I am sure that an age will come," he wrote as a youth, "when our pres-

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ent devotion to history, and scrupulous care for what men have done before us merely as fact, will seem incomprehensible; when acquaintance with books will be no duty, but a pleasure for odd individuals; when Emerson's philosophy will be in our bones, not our dramatic imaginations."

He could foresee it but he could not live it. James struggled over self and soul in his dramatic imagination, struggled with and for his fellow scientists and scholars, with and for the public mind; Allen's glimpse at the private man backstage only whets one's appetite for this high drama.

One Man's 1930's

GERALD WEALES

JUST AROUND THE CORNER: A HIGHLY SELECTIVE HISTORY OF THE THIRTIES, by Robert Bendiner. *Harper & Row. $6.95.*

There are apparently as many kinds of popular history as there are axes to grind, books designed to sustain this or that theory of culture, economics, or art. In its purest state, however, popular history is simply an attempt to capture an event, a person, a decade and to deliver it, caged in readable prose, to a general audience. The genre extends from the traditional newspaper pieces, cadged from the clipping file and rearranged to celebrate once again the Fourth of July or the umpteenth anniversary of the invention of the Murphy bed, to complicated re-creations, such as Richard B. Morris's *The Peacemakers*, in which the extensive documentation, the evidence of original research, is tucked away at the back of the book where it will not impede the narrative, except for those readers who cannot resist footnotes. Robert Bendiner's *Just Around the Corner*, a pleasant addition to this generic company, stands rather nearer the newspaper than the Morris end of the line.

Bendiner's book, as the subtitle correctly indicates, is a highly selec-

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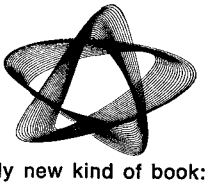

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tive account. On the first page of his foreword he says, "It has always seemed to me fatuous to fix a single label on a whole decade. . . ." What he tries to do is to give a general impression, one that reflects the "springtime hopefulness" of the period as well as its "wintry despair," by threading his way through the main events of the decade and decorating his descriptions of them with bits and pieces—anecdotes, quotations, personality sketches—which recall the trivialities, the nonsense even, that lightened the political and economic pressure.

"Vas you dere, Sharlie?" Baron Munchausen asked every week on a radio show that Bendiner does not mention; and Bendiner "vas dere" and tries, in this book, to catch the multiplicity of a decade that has too often been seen simply as a breadline or—more recently, with the increase of pop-culture books—as a chorus line with Ruby Keeler, light and leaden, at the center of it.

BENDINER'S *Just Around the Corner*, like his idea of the 1930's, is neither one thing nor another, neither narrative history nor cultural description, neither personal reminiscence nor objective reporting. It is a little of all of them. Divided into eight chapters (nine if we count the catchall "Notes and Jottings" at the end), the book uses four of the chapters—on Hoover's Depression, on Roosevelt's election, on the Landon campaign, on the failure of appeasement—to give a sense of structure, a movement in time from the crash to the war. The other chapters —on the defensiveness of the rich, the politics of the Left, the panacea peddlers, and the WPA as art patron —are background pieces, in which the narrative content (which is still there, as the pages about Father Coughlin indicate) is secondary to Bendiner's description of cultural phenomena.

His method is the same in all the chapters. He writes a fairly simple description of his main subject, illustrating it with quotations and examples gathered from the back files of magazines (including *World Tomorrow* and the *Nation*, for which he worked) or from historians of the period, many of whom, judging by the list he gives, did much more extensive research than his book calls for.

Occasionally—too occasionally, so far as I am concerned—he uses personal reminiscence to make a point, sometimes with fine effect. His account of the pleasure he took in getting out issues of the *Nation* under pressure, when the events that caused that pressure were the country-by-country steps Hitler took toward the Second World War, gives a firm sense of the double nature of events—one's awareness of their importance or their ghastliness, coupled with the inescapable preoccupation with one's job, one's family, even one's favorite radio program. It is much firmer, in

fact, than the juxtaposition of a casual reference to Jack Benny or Joe Louis with an account of an election or a strike. Unfortunately, the latter method is more often used. Bendiner makes very clear that he has no intention of writing an autobiography in this book—nor should he—but I find myself wanting to know more about what was going on in the offices of the magazines for which he worked, particularly the *Nation*, and wanting to hear more about his family, which sometimes, as when they buy a pool table to keep up Grandmother's morale, sounds like a road company of *You Can't Take It with You*.

A book like Bendiner's does not pretend to be a contribution to our knowledge of the 1930's. It is simply one man's portrait of the decade, to be read for pleasure and—if possible —profit. Any of the chapters, taken by itself, reads like a well-written magazine article; considering that Bendiner is one of the best magazine reporters around, that should not be surprising. Its audience will consist primarily of two different types of reader. The first, with a personal knowledge of the thirties, will be made to remember events and personalities that have dimmed in his mind and then, as the book goes on, will begin to remember his own and wonder how Bendiner could have passed them over or given them such short shrift. Bendiner was twenty when the decade began and I was five. Both of us consider that the decade belongs to us, but—as if to prove his basic assumption—my 1930's is not the same as his (where is Little Orphan Annie? what do you mean you couldn't do the Lindy Hop?).

The other reader will be the one who knows the decade only from history books and *The Late Late Show*; for him, Bendiner will be an introduction, perhaps an inspiration to step away from this book's paragraph or page on any subject to read about it elsewhere in detail.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM in a book like this—for the author and finally for the reader—is compression, the attempt to get too much in too small a space. The best example is Bendiner's forcing most of Roosevelt's chief advisers (Ickes, Wallace, Tugwell, Farley, Hopkins, Perkins, Johnson) into a single paragraph, each tied down with a neat if many-claused sentence of description. Here, at least, the paragraph is functional. Elsewhere, the grab bags are less happy, as when Roosevelt's unsuccessful Congressional purge, Howard Hughes, Wrong Way Corrigan, and Joe Louis share a paragraph of background to the collapse of Europe.

For the most part, however, the book conveys Bendiner's affectionate sense of the 1930's, at their most absurd as well as their most appalling, and his wry recollection of himself as a not too serious serious young man, half convinced that it was all taking place with his editorial desk at the center.

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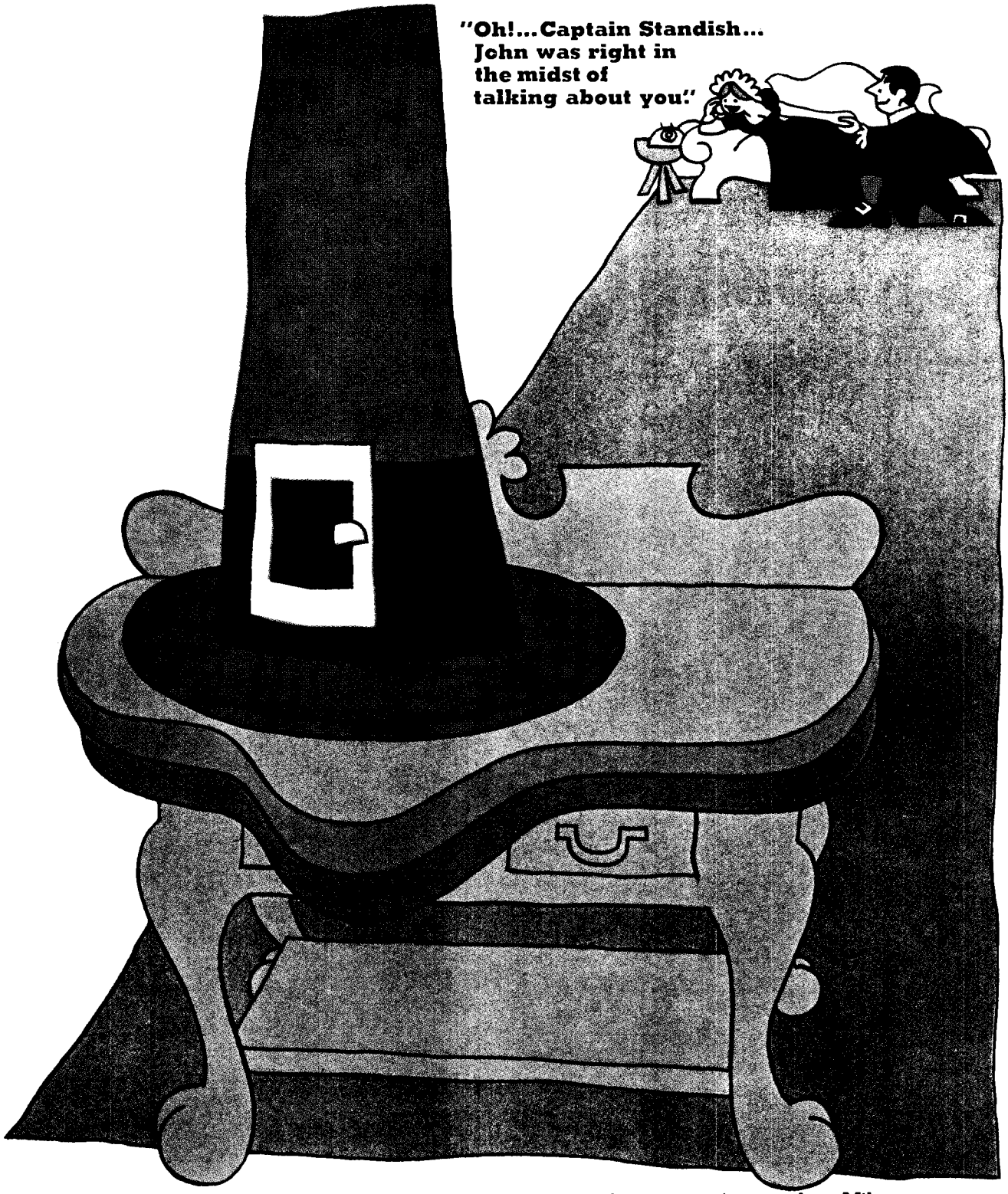

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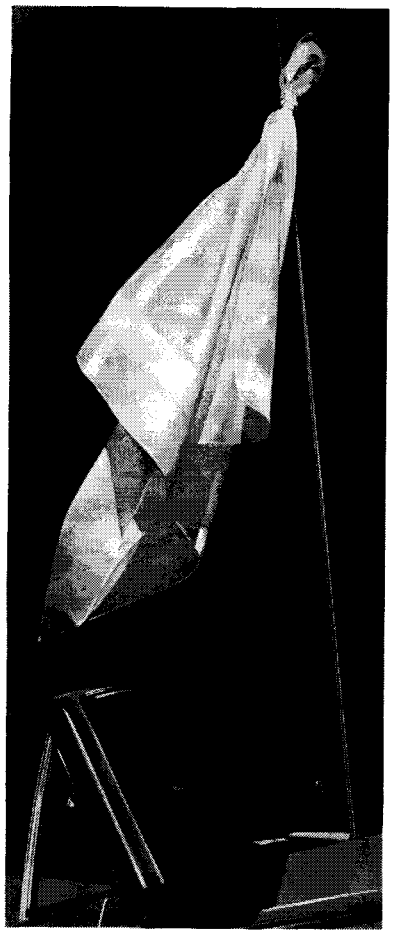

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